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Sunday, June 12, 1932

Desire

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Nairne Waited Imperiously for Silence. "I Will Bet Anyone Here Who Cares to Take Me Up That I Can Bring Any Girl Into Our Set and Make Her Just as Wild as They Say We Are!" She Cried.

CHAPTER I.

A Wager for a Woman's Soul.

OFFICE buildings in Waynesboro, thriving Western town, were disgorging crowds of workers who sought the midday sandwich, noon trains were arriving and departing and three-quarters of the population of the town considered the day half done, when Nairne Manderson and her house guests enjoyed an informal pajama breakfast in the sun parlor of the magnificent Manderson home on Danube avenue.

Desire, gloriously beautiful, exquisitely artistic and always gratified, was responsible for the Manderson estate. Twenty-five years before Nairne's sensational pajama breakfast, the arbitrary wish of John Manderson's young bride had torn down three old Colonial homes which had taken up a full block on Danube avenue, and had summoned architects and builders, gardeners, artists and decorators to turn the staid and stately block into a rather scandalous and wholly extravagant fairyland.

The lavish hospitality of Broadlawns, the Manderson home, soon became town talk, the pampered snobbishness of the Mandersons and their willingness to sacrifice anything or anyone to feed some new desire.

It was John Manderson's longing to possess one of the first airplanes in Waynesboro which ended his life and that of his wife one Summer day in a spectacular crash, and which left their one child, Nairne, a girl of ten, to inhabit the mansion in the care of a hastily summoned aunt, who knew nothing about curbing the wishes of a child born of such ruthless, reckless and wholly selfish parents.

With shuddering uncertainty and apprehension, however, Aunt Marian Burney took up the job of rearing Nairne, assisted slightly by the family lawyer.

John Manderson had done one sensible thing in an otherwise senseless meteoric career. He had left his large fortune to Nairne, but in the hands of Aunt Marian and the lawyer until Nairne was 23. He had paid no attention to the age limit, lawful or otherwise, of his exquisite little daughter. At 23 she received $5,000,000, and until then only a fair allowance, which Aunt Marian, a woman of wise years and vast understanding, handled.

It was not, of course, surprising that Nairne had developed at 20 into a young person of iron will and little consideration for others. She had her inheritance to fight, and she had no desire to fight it. Of the type whose arrival into this world should have

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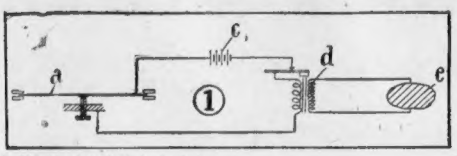
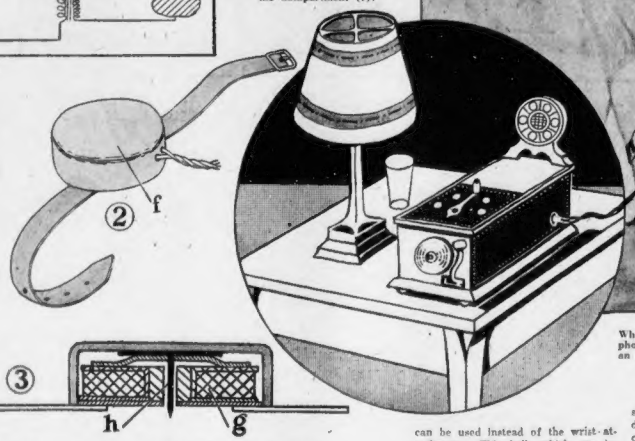
Science Stops Your Snoring



1—The Electrical Circuit in the Anti-snoring Machine, Which Derives Its Power From a Battery (c). (a) Shows the Microphone Line Which, When Agitated by Snoring Vibrations, Closes the Circuit. (d) Is the High-frequency Coil Which Causes the Shocking Coil (e) to Startle the Sleeper. The Coil Can Be Replaced by a Bell or a Needle.



2—The Wrist Attachment Which Is Worn by the Sleeper. With a Shocking Coil or Needle Housed in the Compartment (f).

3—The Electro-magnet Shown as (e) in Figure 1. The Magnet (g) Is Jiggled by the Battery Current When the Circuit Is Closed, and Causes the Needle (h) to Tattoo the Sleeper.

When the Sleeper Begins to Snore, the Vibrations of the Sound Actuate the Microphone on Dr. Rundle's Machine, Which Closes an Electrical Circuit. The Circuit Puts an Electro-magnet Into Action, and a Needle-like Attachment Strapped to the Arm Like a Watch Vibrates Against the Flesh and Awakens the Sleeper.

THE anti-snoring machine recently registered at the British Patent Office may seem more or less a joke to some people, but to Dr. George W. Rundle, the inventor of the device, the raucous "wood sawing" of noisy sleepers—and there are millions of them—is a serious problem calling for scientific solution.

Inventor Rundle, when he began to work on his contraption to put a stop to snoring, assumed that there is only one sure way of shutting off the unpleasant sounds that issue from the open mouth of a snorer. So his problem was to devise some way of arousing the offender and to make a machine that would do this rousing the instant the rumblings and grumblings began.

The pictures on this page show the neat little outfit that does these things. It consists of a box containing a battery and other electrical apparatus, a microphone and a wrist attachment.

The microphone picks up the low-frequency noise that comes from the snorer's throat the instant that noise begins. The vibrations that are set up in the "mike" are transformed in electrical current and, inside the box, an electrical circuit is closed. The current flowing through this circuit causes a blunt-pointed needle in the wrist attachment to move rapidly back and forth. The prick of this pin wakes the sleeper and, of course, puts a sudden stop to the din he makes when he—or she—is nestled noisily in the arms of Morpheus.

Knowing that some people would object to being awakened in this way, the British doctor has equipped his anti-snoring machine with a bell which can be used instead of the wrist-attachment. This bell—which can be seen on one end of the box—sets up an insistent ringing the instant the growls picked up by the microphone are translated into current.

"Some people," says the inventor, "will be awakened by the sound of the bell and will quit annoying other sleepers. Others who sleep too soundly to be waked by the bell will have to make use of the wrist attachment."

A series of experiments made on snorers has shown that the device may do more than stop snoring: in some cases it may even cure the snorer of his annoying nocturnal habits.

"While we sleep," the doctor explains, "the sub-conscious mind is at work. Everyone knows that a person can, on going to bed, fix in his mind that he wants to get up at a certain hour. Almost invariably his sub-conscious mind will remember that fact and wake him up on the dot.

"In experiments with the anti-snoring device, I learned that the sub-conscious mind of a snorer who knows that he will be awakened by a bell or a pin prick warns him of the coming tinkle or jab, and either wakes him or commands him to stop his infernal noise."

The machine is adjustable to all degrees of warning. If a snorer sleeps lightly, the bell can be made to ring softly and the pin in the wrist attachment can be set to impart only a gentle disturbance.

Her Charms Wasted

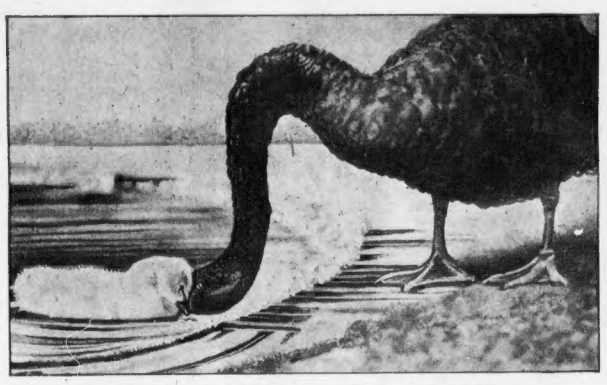
LONDON.

WHEN Harriet Hoctor, the American dancer now starring in an English musical show, told her friends that she had accepted an invitation to pose for Sculptor Jacob Epstein, some of them congratulated her on her good fortune. Epstein, they said, was one of the most inspired of modern creators in bronze and marble. Others shook their heads sadly and thought it was too bad that the graceful form of the stage star was going to be "distorted" by an artist who, in their critical opinion, never had turned out a truly beautiful statue.

One prominent London dramatic critic, when he heard that Epstein was working on a bronze figure of the dancer, said it was a shame to have her charms wasted by a man who either refuses to work in the classical manner or is incapable of reproducing beauty as it is.

Miss Hoctor herself has long been a great admirer of what many critics and art lovers have called Epstein's "experiments in ugliness" and regards the sculptor's wish to have her pose for him as an exceptional honor.

Miss Harriet Hoctor, American Dancer, Whom Jacob Epstein, the European Sculptor and Creator of Brutalized "Art," Has Chosen as His Newest Model.



A Black Swan at the London Zoo Teaching a White Cygnet, Which She Has Hatched, How to Find Food in the Water.

Teaching "Baby" to Eat

JUST as an experiment, the keeper of the birds at the London Zoo put a white cygnet egg in with the other eggs that a big black swan was setting on. When the eggs hatched, the surprised mother discovered that she had seven youngsters the color of herself and one fluffy yellow birdling that soon turned white. This fellow was, she knew, not her "child," but she showed as much affection for him as for the black members of the menage, and often protected the odd one from the attacks of the other members of the family.

When it came time to teach her brood to swim and to eat tender shoots of grass growing under the water along the rim of the pond, the swan spent even more time with the cygnet than with her natural "babies." The cygnet, having a much shorter neck than the black swans, could not feed in water as deep as they could. The mother observed that the white member of her family got little to eat when he stayed close to his long-necked companions and she gave him private instruction.

The photograph at the left shows the swan teaching the cygnet to eat in the shallow water at the edge of the pond. She seems almost to be talking to the youngster, but she's really thrusting her long bill under the water and, by example, urging the cygnet to do the same thing. The young bird soon got the idea and, when the rest of his family were feeding in water eight or nine inches deep, he rustled his meals inshore, where it was easy for him to reach the muddy bottom.

Why the Apples Turned Brown

ORCHARDMEN all over the country were perplexed when perfectly sound apples, shipped by rail, would develop unsightly brown spots while they were in transit. Usually the fruit turned brown on one side and the discoloration would extend from the skin to the core.

Some shippers had the idea that the spots were caused by freezing, but it was found that apples shipped in the warm weather changed color exactly as did apples transported in the Winter time.

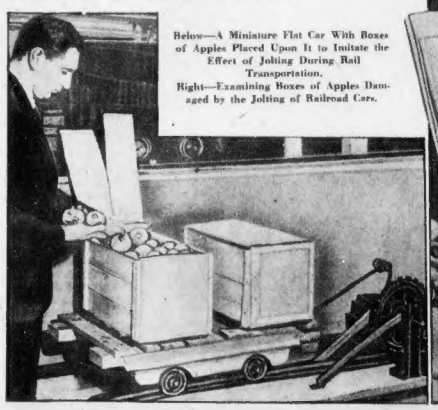
Scientists in the Government Plant Bureau, at the request of many fruit growers, decided to experiment in order to find out just what caused the brown spots. They built a miniature railroad and a little flat car just large enough to hold one barrel or two standard-size boxes of apples. They laid the rails in such a way that the usual jolts and bumps of the road could be reproduced in the laboratory.

Many boxes of various kinds of apples were "taken for a ride" on Uncle Sam's toy railroad. Some of the fruit was subjected to experiments that approximated the joggling and jostling of a long haul. Other boxes and barrels of apples were kept on the car until they had, in effect, taken a short trip to market.

The scientists soon learned that the brown spots come from bruises caused when the apples bumped against the wooden sides of the containers. Once the skin of an apple was thumped solidly against the box or barrel, the "meat" inside began to darken in color and that color spread gradually to the center of the apple. So far as the consumer is concerned, such fruit is "rotten."

Having found the cause of the brown spots, the next job was to devise some way to prevent the apples from being bruised. Several schemes were tried, but a simple and inexpensive method of protecting the apples was found in sheets of corrugated paper laid in the bottoms, against the sides and ends and inside the covers of the boxes. These sheets served as cushions or shock absorbers. Larger pieces of the same material were used to line barrels.

At the end of the series of experiments, the useful information learned was passed on through the usual news channels to orchardmen and wholesale buyers of fruit all over the country. It is believed that many thousands of dollars' worth of apples, which otherwise would be thrown out as "rotten," will be saved every year because of the experiments which were made on the little flat car in the laboratory of the Plant Bureau.



Below—A Miniature Flat Car With Boxes of Apples Placed Upon It to Imitate the Effect of Jolting During Rail Transportation.
Right—Examining Boxes of Apples Damaged by the Jolting of Railroad Cars.

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Believe It or Not—Yet This Story Is True

1—Prof. Cannella, Distinguished Italian Scientist, When the Italian Army Entered the Great War, Kisses His Pretty Wife Goodby and Goes to Join His Regiment as an Officer.

2—After the Battle of Nitza Pola, in Which the Italian Troops Were Entrapped by the Bulgarians, Prof. Cannella Is Reported Missing and the Widow Is Grief-Stricken.

3—Several Years Later a Ragged Figure in Tattered Uniform Appears at the Widow's Mansion and, Although Unable to Account for His Wanderings, He Is Tenderly Welcomed as the Missing Husband.

4—The Man Takes Up Matrimonial Life Where It Broke Off at the Outbreak of the War, in His Luxurious Home, His Clouded Mind Begins to Clear Up and Two Children Are Born.

5—And Then One Day a Spanish Woman Notifies the Italian Police That "Prof. Cannella" Is an Impostor and Is Really the Notorious Criminal and Convict Bruneri.

6—Mme. Cannella Is Dumfounded, Cannot Believe the Facts, but After Four Years' Investigation in the Courts, the "Professor" Is Shown to be the Convict Bruneri and Is Sent Back to Prison.

Nothing More Daring, More Impossible Than the Adventure of the Italian Criminal Bruneri, Who Impersonated a Distinguished Scientist Believed Dead, and Is Finally Unmasked and Dragged Back to Prison Again

ROME, June 1.

A YEAR before Italy entered the war, Professor Giulio Cannella, a noted scientist and specialist in criminology, won the heart of a beautiful heiress in Verona. They were married and settled down to a happy life on the estate left the bride by her parents. The Great War had just begun, but Italy had not yet joined the conflict. But at last the Italian Government decided to throw in its forces on the side of the Allies, and the call went out for every Italian soldier to report for duty.

So, scarcely a year after their marriage, Professor Cannella put on his uniform, kissed his bride goodbye and joined his regiment as a field officer—the 64th Infantry. He assumed command of the 9th Company and was ordered to the Bulgarian front.

Loving letters came from the husband as frequently as opportunity offered, and then on November 25th, 1916, Captain Cannella's regiment took part in the disastrous battle of Nitza Pola. The area where the action took place is wild and mountainous and it was his company which formed the spearhead which pushed forward in pursuit of the retreating Bulgarians.

With joyous shouts of victory, Captain Cannella rushed forward at the head of his men to make complete what they felt sure was a splendid victory.

But the withdrawal of the enemy was a stratagem to lead the Italian troops into a trap. The pursuing soldiers were drawn out into a greatly extended formation on their headlong rush in pursuit. And then suddenly the Bulgarian forces turned and attacked, while other troops hidden on the right and the left, came into action with terrible losses to the Italians.

After the battle was over, Captain Cannella did not return with the straggling remnant of his company that reached the main line of the Italian forces. The battleground remained a no-man's-land for the rest of the war, as the Italians and the Bulgarians entrenched themselves on mountains on either side. Many quiet searching parties went over the ground under cover of darkness or heavy storms and brought back the bodies of some of those who had fallen in the battle, but Captain Cannella's body was never recovered and he was never listed as a prisoner of war.

Then began the long years of sad and weary waiting for Signora Cannella, who never lost hope that her husband was still alive. She refused to consider herself a widow, although the official report sent her by the Italian War Department listed her husband as "Missing, believed killed."

Left with an only child, she tried to maintain her cheerfulness on her estate and refused all attentions from those who would have been glad to make her a wife.

And then one day in March, five years ago, a figure in a ragged uniform appeared at the door of the Cannella mansion. The butler questioned him, but his mind seemed to be flighty and his answers incoherent. Finally Signora Cannella was called and the stranger's face lighted up with what seemed to be great joy and recognition. The "widow" studied the visitor carefully, led him inside and gently questioned him. But the ragged soldier was unable to give an account of himself or explain where he had come from, or where he had been all those years since the Battle of Nitza Pola.

Signora Cannella and the Ex-Convict Bruneri Who Masqueraded as Her Missing Husband, the Distinguished Professor Cannella.

Signora Cannella gradually drew from him facts which convinced her beyond doubt that the ragged soldier was certainly Professor Cannella, her long lost husband. And so the couple took up the threads of their old life and two more children were born. Gradually the clouded mind cleared up considerably, although he was still unable to recall events since the day of the battle. Friends of the Professor saw the resemblance to the man they had known as their colleague and, like Signora Cannella, it did not occur to them to doubt his identity.

The couple went off on a second honeymoon in a lonely villa at Deisenzano on Lake Garda. It was during this time that the wife devoted her loving care and her tender nursing to help the Professor regain his mind so he could resume his professional and social career as it had existed before the waf.

But their idyll was soon to be interrupted. A few months after the welcome home of the ragged soldier, the Italian prosecuting attorney at Turin received an anonymous letter. In it was the startling statement that the person believed to be Professor Cannella was none other than a certain Mario Bruneri, once a printer in Turin, who had served a number of prison terms for robbery and for whom a warrant was then out for his arrest on other charges.

An inquiry was begun by the Italian prosecuting attorney and the man claiming to be Professor Cannella was put under arrest. The case was submitted to the Chamber of Councils which finally concluded on December 23, 1927, that it was unable to say definitely whether the man before them was Mario Bruneri, ex-convict, or Professor Cannella, distinguished scientist. But Signora Cannella was still convinced that the man was her beloved husband.

Mario Bruneri Between Two Italian Police Officers Being Taken to Jail Following the Final Decision of the Courts. His Hair Has Been Cropped and His Picturesque Whiskers Have Been Shaved.

Photograph of the Convict Bruneri, Who Was Betrayed by His Wife in Spain After He Deserted Her and Persuaded the Widow Cannella That He Was Her Long-Lost Husband.

The whole extraordinary question was put to the Penal Court of Turin, and on January 10, 1928, the court handed down a decision similar to the ruling of the Chamber of Councils. The man was ordered remanded back to prison, but Signora Cannella was able to effect his release in her custody.

However, on the same day the Penal Court was making its decision, Rosina Negro, Spanish wife of the criminal Bruneri, and Felice Bruneri, a brother, went before the Civil Court of Turin. They alleged that the man was Mario Bruneri and they desired a ruling on his civil status.

"Prof. Cannella" and his lawyer did not appear at that hearing on account of being engaged before the Penal Court. Later the lawyer Zanetti, who was engaged by the Signora Cannella, attempted to induce the Civil Court to decide in favor of their contention that the man was in reality the Professor.

The Court ruled against them after hearing their testimony and that brought by the family of Bruneri. In decisions handed down on September 22, 1928, and November 5, 1928, it held that the man positively was Mario Bruneri.

An appeal was taken from the decision and it was argued before the Court of Appeals in Turin. On August 8, 1929, the Court of Appeals sustained the decision of the Civil Court. The case was then taken to the Supreme Court of Italy, which referred it to the Court of Appeals at Florence for a new trial.

The Court at Florence, on April 10, 1931, upheld the decisions of the other courts. Following that decision "Prof. Cannella" was arrested by the authorities and taken to prison to answer the charges against Mario Bruneri in the warrant that had been long outstanding.

A final appeal was made to the Supreme Court which reviewed the arguments presented and then upheld the lower courts by refusing to have the case retried. As a result of that decision, which has just been made, Mario Bruneri has been sent to prison.

Although Signora Cannella was present in court and heard the testimony, she still insisted that the man she had welcomed back to her home was the distinguished professor she had married and had truly returned to her broken in mind and body. But the evidence was of such a nature that there remained no doubts in the mind of the many eminent judges who had examined the facts that the widow had been cleverly imposed upon by the rascal and ex-convict Bruneri.

Criminologists of the Turin police department swore that the fingerprints of the man who called himself Prof. Cannella were almost identical with the prints they made of Bruneri's hands when he was arrested in that city in 1920 and 1922.

Eminent anatomists, after a careful study of profile and fullface photographs of Prof. Cannella and the person who insisted he was the Professor, testified there were many differences between the features of the professor and Bruneri, although the resemblance between the men was striking. Bruneri's eyes were closer together. His ears were larger. His jaw was a few fractions of an inch wider. He was not the Professor, no matter what the widow thought—this was positively proved, they said, by anthropometrical measurements.

Handwriting experts pored over specimens of the Professor's writing. They compared these with pages of handwriting done by the man on trial, and they found few points of similarity. It would be almost impossible, they said, for a man to change so radically in his manner of writing.

The Family of Bruneri, Italian Criminal. The Stout Man Seated in Shirt Sleeves, in the Centre, Is Bruneri's Brother, While the Woman in the Black Dress, Just Behind Him, Is the Wife of the ex-Convict, Who Exposed Him to the Italian Police.

Two lesser bits of testimony helped the Court to decide that the man who professed to be the lost Professor was positively Mario Bruneri, criminal and impostor. A distinguished Italian lawyer, who had been a dear friend of Prof. Cannella, talked with the man accepted by Signora Cannella as her husband, and found little about the man to convince him he was chatting with an old friend.

Count Della Torre, another close friend of Prof. Cannella, read bits of the memoirs written by the man who had suddenly appeared after many years' absence, and found the writing the work of a dull, poorly educated man, not to be compared with the Professor in intellect.

The judges and the jury, after considering all this evidence, weighed it against the pitiful protestations of Signora Cannella, and decided that she had been hoodwinked by a clever criminal.

Signora Cannella has secluded herself in her home at Verona. She remains convinced that Bruneri is in reality her husband, but she will never be able to see him again.

And there are many more throughout the length and breadth of Italy who believe that the courts have made a mistake—that it is incredible that a wife could be imposed upon by a stranger. It is argued that no woman who had been the bride and wifely companion of a man for many months could be deceived by an impostor. Many married women point out that there are a thousand and one little things in the intimate home life of a husband and wife which could not be counterfeited by a stranger.

On the other hand, those who feel sure that the criminal Bruneri has been masquerading as the scientist Cannella insist that the whole thing was a cleverly devised plot, and that his pretense of being of feeble mind was the clever foundation upon which the whole trick was based. If Bruneri, the criminal, had tried to return and explain his wanderings in a coherent manner, he would have been closely questioned and the fraud uncovered by his answers. But by shaking his head in a weary way and passing his hand over his face as if trying to brush away the fog, he encouraged sympathy and escaped the necessity of replying to questions he could not answer.

Bruneri is, it is said, not only a clever criminal but an admirable actor. In choosing to play the role of a wanderer whose mind had been affected he escaped any suspicions or doubts as to anything he failed to remember, or answers to questions which did not fit the facts. And also he made were accounted for by the terrible shock of the battle and his hardships and wanderings since he was last seen.

It is the habit in Italy of the unthinking masses to be swayed by sympathy and sentiment rather than facts. And so it is that many believe that the long, patient, careful study of testimony by the best and impartial legal minds in the Italian courts has resulted in the wrong decision, as in the the famous Tom Mooney case in California, which is well known here, thousands who have not read the evidence, who have no real foundation for forming an opinion, are swayed by sentiment and feel sure that the courts and investigators and the government are all wrong.

The Cannella-Bruneri puzzle has, like the Mooney case, been carried from the lowest to the very highest legal tribunal and is settled finally and forever. Prof. Cannella is undoubtedly dead and Bruneri is a clever actor.

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Land Boats, Sea-Going Autos — And Other Strange Vehicles

MAN has devised the train and the automobile to get over the ground, the steamship to sail the sea, the submarine to travel underwater and the airplane to whisk him off the ground and through the air like a bird. But he is not content with these achievements; he is turning his hand to the invention of hybrid vehicles that will combine the functions of the plane and the automobile, the automobile and the boat, the boat and the plane.

Up to the present time none of these strange vehicles has been adopted for general use and none of them has definitely proved its practical utility, but inventors continue to turn them out and experiment with them, and the day may not be far off when the boat-automobile will be seen on highways and rivers all over the civilized world.

The photographs at the top and in the center of this page show only a few of the curious means of transportation which may evolve into ultra-modern vehicles to take Man here and there over the face of the earth.

The picture at the upper left of the page shows an amphibious automobile that has an airplane propeller to drive it over the road and across the water. It is the invention of George McLaughlin, a Bangor, Maine, garage owner, who believes that some such machine will be in general use before many years.

The big plane propeller, driven by a 70-horsepower motor, can send the machine over a smooth highway at a speed of 50 miles an hour and at half that speed when the boat-auto quits the land and takes to the water. Air-tight pontoons beneath the running board and extending up the sides of the car keep it afloat.

In the opposite corner of the page is the picture of an odd looking craft now in regular service on the Danube River in Austria. For want of a better name it is called a "river zeppelin" because of the shape of its unorthodox hull. This might be said to be a combination boat and airplane, although it cannot leave the water and fly. It is driven, however, by the same type propeller used on airplanes and airships, and can skim over rough water at the rate of 50 miles an hour.

The picture at the top center shows a fleet of land sail boats jockeying for position on the sand at Abu-Sueir, Egypt. These earthbound ships are, to tell the truth, more for sport than for practical use, for they require firm sand are of no use among the shifting dunes of the Sahara. Eighteen of these land yachts recently raced for prizes in Egypt and the winner attained a speed of better than 45 miles an hour.

Directly beneath the photograph of the land yachts is the picture of a strange vehicle that its inventor, a Scotchman named Leslie Lambert, calls a "hydrocar." The picture shows the amphibious machine taking to the water in its first tests. The body of the car is a compromise between the hull of a motorboat and the body of an automobile. When the machine is on land its motor drives the rear wheels and when it goes to sea the power is connected to a shaft equipped with a standard-type motor-boat propeller.

In the picture just below that of the "hydrocar" is a photograph of a similar two-medium machine made by a French manufacturer of motor cars. This machine is long past the experimental stage and at least a dozen such vehicles are in regular use on the European continent. This, too, is a land-boat or, if you prefer, a sea-going auto. On the road it can make better than 50 miles an hour and, in its initial tests it traveled faster than 26 miles an hour on the water.

The photograph at the bottom of the page is a head-on view of one of the first attempts to build a machine that can fly in the air as well as roll along the ground. It is called the aeromobile. On the ground the wings are folded back so that the machine is about the width of a standard make automobile, but when the operator feels like soaring into the air, the wings are extended, fixed firmly in place and an airplane propeller is attached to the motor.

People who are moved to amused laughter at such strange looking machines should remember that the first automobiles, which were the forerunners of the modern motor car, are now funny looking relics to be seen only in museums. The heavier-than-air machine in which the Wright brothers flew over the windswept sands of Kitty Hawk has already been relegated to the limbo of antiques and is a flimsy, impractical looking contraption beside an up-to-date plane.

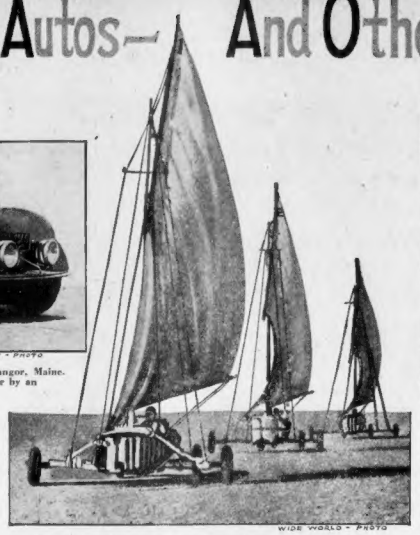
The huge DO-X, which recently flew from Europe to this country, is a combination vehicle—a compromise between a sea-going vessel and an airplane. It is really a boat with wings, or, if you prefer, a monster plane with it fuselage built in the form of a boat.

Many serious minded inventors have predicted that the day will come when the automobile and airplane will be combined in a safe and efficient vehicle which can be converted from one form to the other in a few seconds and which will behave as well in the air as on the road.

It is rumored that a German inventor, working in secrecy, soon will test a machine which he believes will travel on land, in the water and in the air. In other words, it is a hybrid vehicle with pneumatic-tired wheels, a body something like the cabin of an amphibian plane and folding wings to support it in the air.

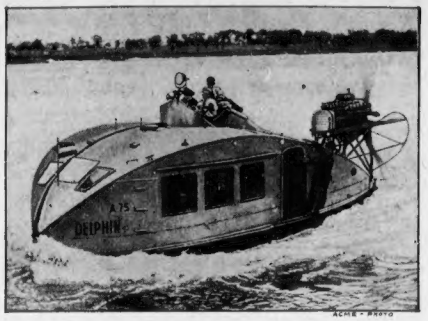
HERBERT - PHOTO

An Amphibian Auto Built by George McLaughlin, of Bangor, Maine. It Will Float and Is Driven Both on Lond and Water by an Airplane Propeller From the Back.



WIDE WORLD - PHOTO

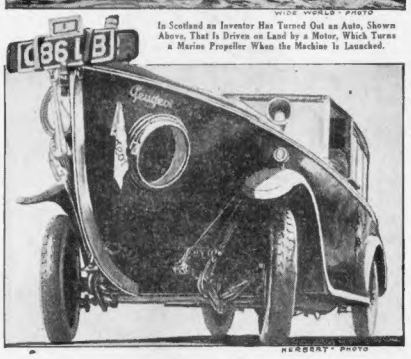
Land Boats That Sail Across the Deserts of Egypt. The Photograph Shows a Regatta of the Sand Yacht Club, of Abu-Sueir, Egypt.



ACME - PHOTO

On the Danube River, in Austria, This River Zeppelin Is Attracting Wide Interest. It Travels 50 Miles an Hour.

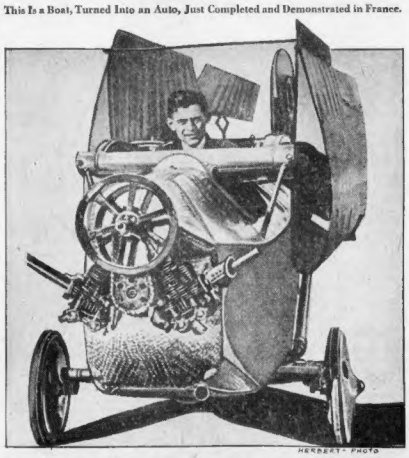
WIDE WORLD - PHOTO



HERBERT - PHOTO

In Scotland an Inventor Has Turned Out an Auto, Shown Above, That Is Driven on Land by a Motor, Which Turns a Marine Propeller When the Machine Is Launched.

This Is a Boat, Turned Into an Auto, Just Completed and Demonstrated in France.



HERBERT - PHOTO

The Aeromobile, a Combination Auto and Airplane, Which Folds Up Its Wings When on Land, but Which Opens Them and Soars to the Sky When the Operator Throws a Lever.

Spain's Beauty Also a Bullfighter

MADRID.

SENORITA VANEOI, the most popular woman bullfighter in Spain, thought it would be an amusing lark to compete in a beauty contest recently held in Barcelona. She had no thought of winning laurels for her pulchritude as well as for her skill and daring in the bullring and jokingly promised some of her friends to make them a present of the booby prize when she was awarded that lowly honor. More to her surprise than theirs, she emerged with the big silver cup acclaiming her as Barcelona's queen of beauty.

Because Senorita Vaneio seldom appears in public except in the familiar costume of a toreador, few of the hundreds of persons who saw her picked over a field of some 250 entrants knew who she was until the committee of judges announced her name. Then a mighty shout went up and the fair killer of bulls was borne about the hall on the shoulders of her admirers. A few over-enthusiastic admirers all but tore the costume off the senorita before she was carried back to the stage to be crowned.

When she recovered her breath, the bullfighting beauty thanked the judges in a pretty little speech, in the course of which she said that she preferred the quiet and safety of the "Plaza del Toro" to the dangers of a hall full of disciples of beauty.

"I am, of course, delighted with this honor," said Senorita Vaneio, "but to tell you the plain truth I am not much interested in collecting cups for being blessed with good looks. Bullfighting is my game, and I would rather be the homeliest woman in all Spain and be able to dispatch a bull neatly than be Venus herself."

The senorita's hearers knew that she was telling the truth, for since she was a maid of 17 she has been learning the cruel business of killing bulls for the amusement of a populace which finds it difficult to understand what an Englishman sees in cricket or why Americans waste their time in baseball parks.

It was more than a year ago that Senorita Vaneio was publicly proclaimed the most skilful and popular of the few female toreadors in Spain. To date she has made more than 500 appearances in the bullrings of Barcelona, Madrid and other Spanish cities, and her keen sword has sent more than 400 bulls to the abattoir. Wherever she appears in public adoring crowds follow her shouting: "La Vaneio! La Vaneio!"

UNDERWOOD - PHOTO

Senorita Vaneio, Spain's Most Popular Woman Bullfighter, Who Has Just Been Selected as the Most Beautiful Woman in Seville.

Baby Tree Grows From Dead Parent

ONE of the strangest sights to be seen in the great soft wood forests of the Northwest is a tree —two trees, really—on the shore of Lake Quinault, in the State of Washington. The spectacle is what might be called a natural paradox because one of these trees, which is very much alive, has its roots in the branch of a huge monarch of the forest which, some years ago, was killed in a fire which swept over this area.

Lumbermen who have studied the live baby flourishing on an apparently dead parent say that the phenomenon is not the great mystery it appears to be because it is impossible for any tree to take root in dead matter. Their theory is that, although the big tree is bare of bark and leaves, it is still alive in its heart, and that moisture from the ground passes up through the trunk and into the roots of the tree sprouting on its one remaining limb.

The smaller tree is enjoying a short life, as trees go, however, for the time will come when it cannot draw enough nourishment from its parent, or it will attain a weight too great for the limb of the big tree to support. When that day comes, the limb will break off and that will be the end of the small tree, unless someone takes the trouble to transplant it.

Hundreds of tourists have gone out of their way to see this curious sight and there is a possibility that the barren limb on which the small tree is growing may be reinforced so that the seeming paradox will continue to be an attraction to Lake Quinault.

Mother Nature has, of course, performed such stunts many times before. But, in most cases where young trees have sprouted from old ones, the new tree has sprung from the trunk at the base or near the ground. Seldom has an ambitious young tree chosen to grow on a seemingly dead tree and in so spectacular a manner high above the ground.

Strangely enough the tree shown in the photograph at the right is much bigger and healthier than the few trees which have risen from the burned-over area in which the big tree stands. Apparently the moisture and chemical elements which it has drawn from the soil through the porous center of the burned tree has been more than sufficient for its normal growth so far. How long this will continue to be so remains to be seen.

UNDERWOOD - PHOTO

The Dead Tree at Lake Quinault, Washington, From Which a Baby Tree Has Sprouted.

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Why We Have Delusions

Science Explains the Belief of the Russian Girl That She Is the Czar's Murdered Daughter, the Strange Stigma of the Cross of the Bavarian "Miracle Girl" Therese, Those Who "Hear Voices" Urging Them On or Are Overwhelmed With a "Sense of Sin"

Maria von Morl, of the Tirol, Who Spent 55 Years in Bed Believing She Was Always Struggling with Demons Who Left Actual Marks on Her.

Simonetta Tornabuoni, the Idol of Florence, Who Imagined the Angels Talked to Her. But Is Now Shown to Have Been a Type With Too Much Thyroid. From the Painting by Ghirlandajo.

The Abbe Joseph Turmel in His Study at Rennes, France. Here for 40 Years the Clergyman, After a Day of Piety, Retired and Worked Far Into the Night to Prove That the Doctrines of Theology Are Baseless.

Photograph Showing the Features and Contour of the Face of the Princess Anastasia, and (on the right) Madame Tchaikovska, Who Claims to be the Princess Anastasia.

Photograph of Therese Neumann's Hands, Showing Stigmata of the Nails of the Cross on the Palm and on the Back of the Hand. These Wounds Partly Heal Up After Her Trance Every Friday and Then Become Pronounced Again on the Following Friday.

The Village Church in Konnersreuth, Bavaria, Which Therese Attended.

Mlle. Paulette Burbail, Who Enacted the Martyrdom of Joan of Arc at a Commemorative Pageant and Was So Affected That She Became Insane.

SEVERAL years after the Russian Czar and his wife and children were killed by the Revolutionists, a young woman suddenly appeared and declared herself the Grand Duchess Anastasia — she had miraculously escaped when the others had been killed, she said. Many investigators of her story declared the woman sincere but the victim of a delusion.

Joan of Arc, a French peasant girl, "heard voices" which impelled her to leave the farm and take charge of the armies which defeated the British.

Therese Neumann, a Bavarian girl, startled churchmen and skeptics by showing on her brow and the palms of her hands the bleeding stigmata of the cross—the scars from the crown of thorns and the wounds of the nails.

The worthy Abbe Turmel, of Rennes, France, labored earnestly all day at his parish work—and then in the seclusion of his study sat late into the night writing books attacking the church and denying everything he had preached.

What is the explanation of the sincere delusion of "Grand Duchess Anastasia," the bleeding wounds of the Bavarian peasant girl, the "voices" Joan of Arc thought she heard, and the strange contradictory conduct of the worthy Abbe? Science has undertaken to explain all this and some other strange habits of the human mind.

The distinguished French psychologist and physicianh, Dr. Laignel-Lavastine, Professor in the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, points out that from earliest history such phenomena are recorded. Their sincerity is not to be doubted nor can the persons be called insane. They are merely victims of tricks of the mind.

Citing examples in his own medical practice, Dr. Laignel-Lavastine mentions one of his patients who had been confined in prison because of an attempt to kill his young son and then kill himself. This unfortunate father had no feeling of guilt because of these crimes. Instead he describes how a mysterious message had come to him in his mind, telling him to kill the boy so that he would not grow up to be a man.

Many similar cases are found in the history of the Middle Ages, when innumerable persons denounced their closest relatives to agents of the Inquisition, or murdered these individuals themselves as a result of "mysterious messages" or "voices" supposed to convey divine commands.

History is full, too, of instances of what are called stigmata; that is, of people who develop on their hands or other parts of their bodies inexplicable religious signs, often consisting of marks like those which would have been left by the nails of the cross or the lance of the Roman soldier on the body of Christ. There can be doubt, scientists agree, that these stigmata really occur. Instances have been known in which the mysterious marks on the hand or body actually bled, as though they were real wounds.

Mental experts like Dr. Laignel-Lavastine explain these cases, however, as due to the mental disease called hysteria. In such cases the influence of the mind over the body is so strong that the blood may be driven to certain spots on the skin or even made to ooze through the skin by mental suggestion alone. The same thing has been done by hypnotism. The real instances of such stigmata merely consist, it is asserted, in the marked person experiencing something akin to a deep and powerful self-hypnotic state.

Another remarkable case reported by Dr. Laignel-Lavastine is of a man who became obsessed with the idea that he was forced to kill or injure certain individuals. At the same time, some part of his mind must have held fast to the normal idea that this injury was not proper, but was a crime. There resulted a mental conflict which the afflicted individual settled in a most interesting way.

He made little images of the people whom he was supposed to injure, out of clay or wax or plaster. Into these he then stuck pins or knives; with no real injury to the person represented but with considerable satisfaction to the deranged part of his mind, which apparently was fooled by the imaginary injury into thinking that the real one had been inflicted. In any event, the power of the obsession was removed temporarily.

Scientific men are interested in this case, because it apparently helps to explain one of the oldest practices of savage mankind, that called "sympathetic magic." According to this practice, believed to be at least as old as the cave man who inhabited Europe twenty thousand years ago, "killing" a small image of an enemy or of an animal that was to be hunted acted, in some mysterious, magical manner, to kill or injure the real creature represented by the image.

There is no doubt that this practice and belief actually existed. Indeed, there probably are savage tribes in which it still exists. But no one had any idea how it originated. Now, in the light of Dr. Laignel-Lavastine's remarkable case, it is probable that the explanation of its begining lies in some individual who suffered from a similar obsession and infected his tribe and race.

One of the commonest phenomena in the older days was what once was called a "sense of sin," in which the possessor of this sense is much oppressed by a feeling of extreme guilt for faults which he may or may not have committed. For this, too, Dr. Laignel-Lavastine has a parallel among his mental cases, in the form of what he calls "obsessive doubt." One laundress afflicted with this disorder he describes, for example, as never being able to walk home comfortably with a bundle of laundry, no matter how carefully this had been wrapped. Always this unfortunate woman was looking around to see whether some article had not dropped out of the package, although she knew perfectly well that this was impossible.

Trivial as such feelings are, they are closely related, it is asserted, to some of the strongest religious emotions. Recently a man in Brighton, England, ran away from home and was found several days later wandering without food or proper clothing because he had broken one of the foolish "chain letters" which people sometimes inflict on their fellows. Insignificant as this was, it so preyed on the poor man's disordered mind that he decided he no longer could associate with his family or other decent people because of his enormous "sin" in breaking the chain. Again, there are innumerable parallels in early history of persons who magnified personal faults or mere accidents into supposed mortal sins against man or God.

One of the most interesting types described by the physician is Simonetta Tornabuoni, the idol of Florence during its great artistic renaissance. Simonetta, a mere girl, was beloved by the great Lorenzo de Medici, the ruler of Florence, and his handsome brother Giuliano, but in a platonic way, it is said. She appeared at a great pageant as the queen of beauty and crowned Giuliano as her knight, and the people acclaimed them as the most perfect types of humanity ever seen.

Simonetta often thought the angels talked to her and passed much of her time dreaming. She was painted by Ghirlandajo and Botticelli, who loved her so deeply that when he died he left a letter saying he wished to be buried at her feet. Simonetta died at 23 of tuberculosis.

And now Dr. Laignel-Lavastine finds that her charm was due to the fact that she was an abnormal physical type. The women of this type are tall and thin and the neck is often very long with an overdeveloped thyroid gland. They have a tendency to tuberculosis. Simonetta's long cylindrical neck, as painted by Ghirlandajo and Botticelli, shows this type. These patients tire very easily. They are so extremely sensitive that other people think the sensations they feel are imaginary. The subconscious self controls much of their daily life.

Maria von Morl, born in the Tirol, was a strange mystic who thought evil and good spirits were always struggling in her body. She died at 55, having spent her whole life in bed. During this time she was constantly beset by demons, but she wrestled with them and the good spirits sometimes came to her help. Even during the night the fight went on and her skin was marked by the struggle. She was of the asthentic type lacking normal vitality and was a victim of a peculiar form of hysteria.

Probably the most significant of the many rays of light that modern psychological studies like those of Dr. Laignel-Lavastine throw on early history is that with regard to what once was called "possession," meaning by that word that some evil power, often conceived as the devil himself, had entered the mind and body of the afflicted individual and "possessed" it. That belief in such occurences has by no means died out in the world is indicated by the fact that only a few months ago a coroner's jury in England held a clergyman who had committed suicide to have been "possessed of an evil spirit" at the time of his death. What the coroner or his medical advisers thought of this verdict is not recorded.

Another form of "possession" results in a sort of dual personality—the individual may be respectable, high-minded in most of the affairs of his life and yet in other ways degraded, and even criminal. Thus is explained the contradictory conduct of the worthy Abbe Turmel, the French clergyman who labored long and earnestly each day in his parish work, and then sat in his study until the early morning hours, writing attacks on religion and repudiating all he had said and done in his pastoral work during the day.

There is even a peculiar type of woman, Dr. Laignel-Lavastine believes, which has existed always among mankind and which is especially likely to provide the mystics who abound in history. These women, he states, are likely to have relatively short bodies; thus conforming to one of the varieties of body-shape recognized by the anthropologists as existing in modern mankind. Usually, these women also have long necks and the rounded features seen in so many of the medieval paintings.

Mentally, Dr. Laignel-Lavastine continues, these individuals who provide such excellent material for mystics and adepts of various kinds, usually are lazy and disinclined to exertion. They commonly grow, when they are children, in sudden bursts of growth, between which they grow little or not at all for several years. One curious sign is that the fingers, which are likely to be long and slender, also may be so flexible at the joints that each finger can be bent backward a considerable distance toward the back of the hand, instead of being limited to a straight line. Another characteristic is described as a tendency to have an extremely delicate sense of smell, so that these persons often smell odors, either good or bad, which ordinary people cannot smell at all.

He suggests that another curious characteristic of these slender, mystical women may explain the legend of the halos supposed to surround the heads of saints and similar religious personages.

This characteristic is to have hair which often is "electrific," that is, which is light and fluffy and which easily becomes electrified in cold, dry weather, so that it may stand out from the wearer's head in the fashion popularly supposed to happen, when a person is frightened. This hair character, too, Dr. Laignel-Lavastine regards as one consequence of the peculiar gland condition which these women possess. It carries with it, he believes, a tendency for small electric sparks to be given off when the hair is combed; and thus the halo tradition was started.

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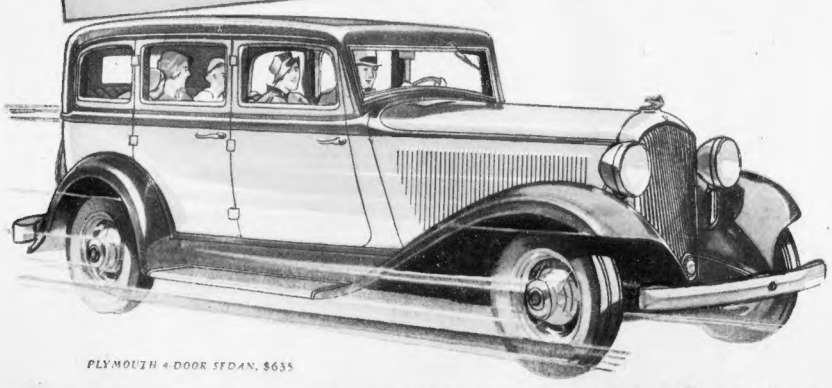

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Another Daughter of London's Nightclub Queen to Wed a Lord

Having Now Gotten Her Third and Last Grown-Up Daughter Into the British Peerage, Mrs. Kate Meyrick, "Most Notorious Woman in England," Again Raided by the Police, Agrees to Close Up Her Dancing Resorts and Retire

Youngest of the Three Grown-Up Daughters of the Notorious Kate Meyrick, Whose Engagement to the Son of Lord Southampton Has Just Been Announced.

Rockliffe Park, the Home of Lord Southampton. Daughter Nancy Will Marry the Son and Heir of Lord Southampton and Inherit This Estate.

Mrs. Kate Meyrick, Who Has Been Proprietor of More Than Twenty Liquor and Dancing Resorts, Sitting at the Box Office of Her Famous "Forty Three" Club.

Interesting Group Photograph of Mrs. Kate Meyrick, ex-Convict, and the Three Daughters She Has Landed, One After Another, in the British Peerage. From Left to Right They Are: Anne, Wife of Lord de Clifford (Who Is Covering Her Face); Nancy, Who Will Marry the Son of Lord Southampton; Mrs. Meyrick, and May Meyrick, Who Is the Countess of Kinnoull.

Drunken Carouse in One of the Meyrick Night Clubs to Welcome the Release From Jail of Mrs. Kate Meyrick. On the Extreme Right Stands Her Noble Son-in-Law, the Earl of Kinnoull, and Next to Him Is May Meyrick, His Wife. Mrs. Meyrick Is Seated in the Centre and Is Not Drinking Anything at the Moment.

The Honorable Charles Fitzroy, Son of Lord Southampton, Who Will Marry Mrs. Meyrick's Youngest Daughter, Nancy.

LONDON, June 3.

READERS of the American Weekly are already familiar with the remarkable career of Mrs. Kate Meyrick, known as the "most notorious woman in England." For many years she has been the recognized queen of the London night clubs and has operated more than twenty liquor and dancing night resorts, where fashion, wealth and titled society often embarrassed the London police when they found personages of high position and influence were among those rounded up at their various raids of Mrs. Meyrick's notorious resorts.

But Mrs. Meyrick has promised to retire; she will no longer annoy the police. Mrs. Meyrick has at last accomplished her extraordinary objective. This astonishing woman has now gotten her third daughter into the British peerage. She feels she has performed the service she owed her three older children, and that these three daughters, safely intrenched in British titled society, may be relied upon to look after the future of her remaining three unmarried young daughters.

It is Miss Nancy Meyrick who is the third daughter and who has just announced her engagement to the son of Lord Southampton. At about the same time the engagement was announced the police had made the latest raid on Mrs. Meyrick's Bunch of Keys Club, at 43 Gerrard street. This place was known as the Forty-Three Club when Mrs. Meyrick previously had trouble with the law and is still generally called by that name. Here they found liquor being sold behind closed and barred doors, although the club had no liquor license. But when the case came into court, Mrs. Meyrick promised the presiding judge to retire from her night club activities and all violations of the law if he would permit her to pay a fine but not send her to jail again.

"Off with the old love and on with the new" has been the quick love affair of the Honorable Charles Fitzroy, the eldest son and heir of Baron Southampton. Within forty-eight hours of his engagement to Miss Sheila Seely being broken off, he found himself the fiance of Miss Nancy Meyrick, perhaps the most attractive of Mrs. Meyrick's grown-up daughters.

When the marriage takes place, Mrs. Meyrick will then have three daughters married into the English peerage as already stated. Her eldest daughter, May, became the wife four years ago of the Earl of Kinnoull who also numbers among his titles those of Viscount Dupplyn, Baron Hay of Kinfauns, and Baron Hay of Pedwardine. Her second girl, Dorothy, is the wife of Lord de Clifford, whose title dates back to the thirteenth century. Lord de Clifford recently worked for some time in New York as a motor salesman.

The Honorable Charles Fitzroy, who will be Lord Southampton when his father dies, is 28 years of age and a widower. He married in 1927 Miss Margaret Drake, daughter of the Reverend Prebendary Drake, but a year later she died. It was early this year that his engagement was announced to Miss Sheila Seely who belongs to one of the best known military families in Britain. Then, hard on the heels of several other broken society romances, came the announcement that the Honorable Charles Fitzroy and Miss Seely had cancelled their engagement.

Mr. Fitzroy has always been well known as a young man-about-town, and at the famous Forty Three Club of the Meyricks he soon found consolation for his ruptured love affairs. He is a direct descendant of the gay King Charles II.

In the little office just inside the door, with its window that controls a view of all visitors to the club, there has presided for some two years or more the 25-year-old Nancy Meyrick, a tall, slim brunette, who is not merely very pretty, but who allies with her beauty her mother's shrewd, calculating brain. During the frequent spells of retirement of Mrs. Meyrick in Holloway Jail for offences against the liquor laws of England, Miss Nancy ran the affairs of the Forty Three Club, as her eldest sister, now Countess of Kinnoull, had run them formerly.

Miss Nancy weighed up the guests with one glance of her large, bright eyes, and she soon came to know to within a few shillings just how much each visitor would be likely to spend in the gay and jazzy ballroom downstairs. It was business first with her all the time, and she seldom joined the dancing throng till well on in the small hours of the morning. But with the advent of Charles Fitzroy, a tall, good-looking youth, things changed for her. She found time to listen to his courtship and this was a "wooing not long a-doing."

Within three days of his engagement to Miss Seely being broken off came the news that still another of the Meyrick girls was to become a peeress in due course. The event was celebrated in fitting style by the regular guests of the Forty Three and all the staff, although since the recent raid on the club they have found it impossible to drink healths in anything stronger than soft drinks and mineral waters.

When Mrs. Kate Meyrick started her career as a night club proprietress in 1919, she found herself with seven children, six girls and one boy. She made no secret of her intentions about her children. To make money quickly and to be in a position to send all of them to the best public schools in England was her ambition, and she realized it. The boy, Lister, went to Harrow and has become a lawyer. The girls have been successively pupils at Roedean, which is called "the girl's Eton."

As soon as they left school, they have become assistants to their mother in running her clubs. First, young Lord de Clifford fell victim to the charms of the second girl, and then the equally young Lord Kinnoull, just divorced by his first wife, Enid Hamilton Fellowes, who soon after inherited about $10,000,000, became the husband of the eldest daughter.

Mrs. Meyrick, with two sons-in-law who were peers, continued her business of running the clubs so that in turn each of her remaining four daughters might be given an education which would fit them in time to join their two eldest sisters as wearers of coronets. Working often for eighteen hours a day, going into prison several times because she defied the law in her eagerness to acquire money, Mrs. Meyrick accumulated a considerable fortune.

Nancy Meyrick has figured in most of the raids made by the police on the Forty Three Club. Only recently when the police posse arrived they found the doors hastily closed and barred against them. They had to send for battering rams to force their way in, and while they were bursting down the door the strains of the orchestra playing as usual in the ballroom could be heard. When at last the door crashed in, Nancy Meyrick was standing with members of the staff just inside, calmly and coolly waiting and watching the policemen rush inside past her.

Each night she presided at the office of the club with the book in front of her in which visitors enter their names. She collected the guest fees and not until four o'clock in the morning did she leave to go home to her mother's house, looking out on to Regent's Park.

But when she becomes the Honorable Mrs. Charles Fitzroy, Miss Nancy is to give up the night club business, for she says she intends to settle down to domestic life and to the responsibilities of becoming the future Lady Southampton. Since Mrs. Meyrick has promised to retire from night club life, her remaining three young daughters will lack the opportunity to graduate from their fashionable schools to the night club atmosphere, from which the three elder sisters graduated into the peerage.

Miss Sheila Seely does not live much in London. She is an attractive girl of the same age as Nancy Meyrick and lives with her widowed mother in Nottinghamshire in a quiet country atmosphere. She broke her engagement with Mr. Fitzroy because "she discovered they were not suited to each other." Like many another young society woman in the last months, Miss Seely thought it better to break off her engagement rather than run the risk of finding out when too late that she had made a mistake of marriage, and she views the engagement of her ex-fiance to Miss Meyrick with equanimity.

Lord Southampton, the father of the Honorable Charles Fitzroy, has refused to say what he thinks of his son's engagement to Miss Meyrick. He is a wealthy peer as he owns a large portion of the Isle of Wight and considerable property in the town from which he takes his title, so that on becoming Lady Southampton, Miss Nancy Meyrick is likely to be much better off financially than her two elder sisters who are already peeresses. The Kinnoull earldom and the de Clifford barony are neither of them richly endowed.

Speculation is rife now as to how long it will be before a fourth daughter of Mrs. Meyrick adds yet another title to the family, for at the Forty Three Club on almost any night of the week there was to be found one or more titled youths or heirs to titles among the dancers, and the atmosphere of this famous West End haunt seems to be well charged with Cupid's darts. But the club must close, or at least stop selling liquor.

Fashionable London society is speculating on the interesting situation which confronts Mrs. Meyrick.

One after another, as her daughters have left school and were sufficiently matured, Mrs. Meyrick has taken them in as helpers at her notorious night clubs. And, one after another, each of the three daughters has picked one of the British nobility for a husband. But Mrs. Meyrick's successful efforts in behalf of her daughters have brought many and severe personal sacrifices to her—again and again the devoted mother has been arrested and served sentences in jail for maintaining the illegal dance places which filled her pockets with money and acted as a public market place for her clever daughters to pick their titled husbands.

Now Mrs. Meyrick is old and rather shaken in health, and she has given her pledge to retire from this source of profit and matrimonial advantage to her children—a suspended prison term hangs over her head. And yet, Mrs. Meyrick still has three young, unmarried daughters on her hands. If the police had let her alone she might have continued graduating the rest of the three girls into her night clubs and then into titled marriages, until this remarkable woman had achieved the unparalleled social miracle of landing all six of the daughters as wives of British lords.

But with her profitable night clubs closed, the matrimonial futures of the three Meyrick girls, who have not yet had the chance to serve their apprenticeship in the liquor and dance resorts of their mother, will be guided to the same gay set, but in a different way. Mrs. Meyrick has accumulated a considerable fortune, which will enable her to see that her two older daughters, Lady de Clifford and the Countess of Kinnoull, may arrange such entertainments at their own homes as will bring the younger sisters into companionship with the same fast night life young members of nobility which they would have met at their mother's clubs. Daughter Nancy, when she becomes Lady Southampton, will have a finger in a fortune which will not require any financial help from Mother Meyrick. Lady Nancy will be able to finance many parties for her young sisters which will out-shine anything which was ever staged in the Meyrick night clubs. Their names are Kathleen, Bobby and Irene.

So, while the "most notorious woman in England" will retire from the night life of London, her three younger daughters will not suffer in their matrimonial prospects. It is still possible that Kate Meyrick, retired from her dance and liquor clubs by urgent prodding of the police and courts, may still live to see her six daughters in the peerage.

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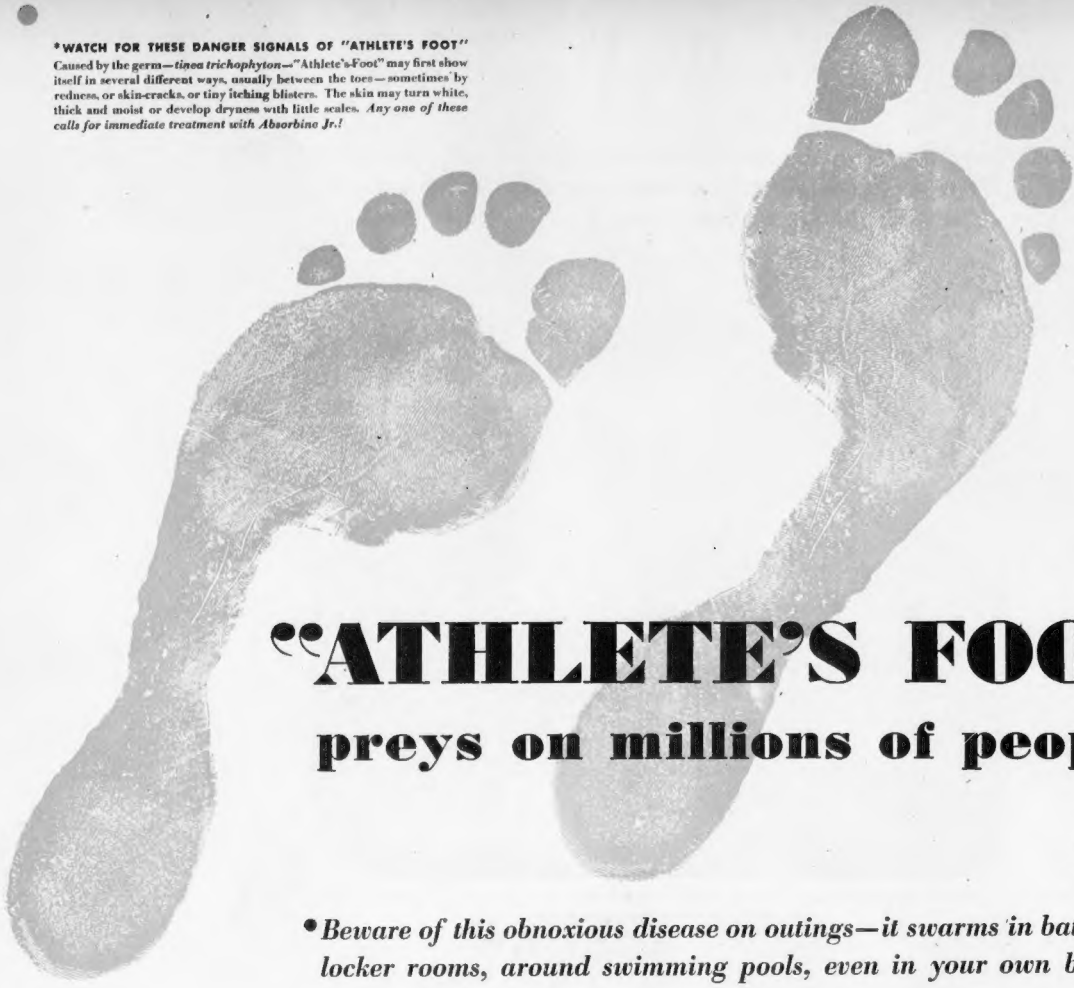
***WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's-Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment with Absorbine Jr.!*



"ATHLETE'S FOOT" preys on millions of people

• Beware of this obnoxious disease on outings—it swarms in bathhouses, locker rooms, around swimming pools, even in your own bathroom

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another statement of fact: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the first danger signals* serious.*

Yet every year, unfortunate thousands among those countless people are sent to bed and must pay precious doctor bills for their neglect.

This is because the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into the skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious if other infections pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

Records show where open foot sores can lead to blood poisoning, lockjaw, erysipelas and other infections of ofttime fatal nature.

Don't let this happen to you!

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp surfaces in the very act of promoting health. And that is why millions of people on outings this summer will fall prey to this insidious disease.

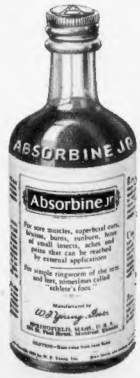
For the tiny ringworm germ which causes the infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach-walks and on the edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses —even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. There may be too much at stake to trust relief to a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr.; take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 397 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Bldg., Montreal.



FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

Used by Thousands for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

The Pharaoh's Daughter Who Found Moses in the Bulrushes

Archeologists At Last Identify Her As Masterful Old Queen Hatshepsut Who Wore a False Beard, Exiled Her Son-in-Law to the Swamps to Keep Him From Getting Her Throne, and Had All Her Statues Broken by Him In Revenge

A Wall-Sculpture From Queen Hatshepsut's Temple at Deir-El-Bahari, Egypt, Showing Her Worshiping the Gods and Wearing a False Beard.

Pharaoh's Daughter Discovering the Infant Moses in the Bulrushes. From the Painting by Henri F. Schopin.

Profile of a Portrait Bust of Queen Hatshepsut (Which Her Vindictive Son-in-Law Did Not Deface), Revealing Shrewdness, Determination and Humor. She Has at Last Been Identified as the Queen Who Found Moses in the Bulrushes, 1500 B. C.

JERUSALEM, May 27.

OUT of the ancient tombs of the Kings of Jericho has come evidence which at last definitely identifies the Pharaoh's daughter who found the infant Moses in the bulrushes, and saved him from the cruel death by drowning which her father had decreed for all Hebrew boy babies.

Her name was Hatshepsut. She wore her hair clipped short, put on the false beard which the Pharaohs had to wear at certain ceremonial occasions and boldly called herself Pharaoh, despite the fact that she was a woman and had no right whatever to the title. She was the most masterful Princess in Egyptian history, precisely the kind of young lady who would have thought nothing of disobeying her royal father's commands by rescuing Moses if it pleased her to do so.

Hatshepsut didn't believe at all in having her style cramped by her family. When her father died she was married to her half-brother, Thotmes II. Although he was the Pharaoh, poor Thotmes never was given an opportunity to prove it. Hatshepsut did all the governing and if Thotmes also put on the false beard at times, what Egypt listened to were the words which emerged from above his sister-wife's whiskers. Thotmes II died after thirteen years. His successor should properly have been Thotmes III, who had married Hatshepsut's daughter Nefru-re, and was not only her son-in-law, but her step-son and nephew as well—the habit of the Egyptian royal families of marrying among themselves often made it difficult to figure out relationships.

Thotmes III soon found out what kind of a mother-in-law he had picked. She continued to sit on the throne, to wear the royal whiskers and, to keep him out of mischief, she exiled him to Buto, an unpleasant and unhealthy place off in the swamps.

Here the unfortunate combination of nephew, step-son and son-in-law remained for fourteen years, hating his combined mother-in-law, step-mother and aunt more and more every year, but not daring to do anything about it. Then Hatshepsut died. Thotmes made a dash for the throne and spent the next few years breaking all her statues, chiseling her name from the monuments and putting his own on its place. A mean revenge, but undoubtedly he had had provocation.

"The discoveries in Jericho," says Sir Charles Marston, who is responsible for the expedition making them, "make it possible to identify this redoubtable Princess as the one who found Moses in the bulrushes. It was her favor that brought him to power, and it was her death that made it necessary for him to flee from Egypt to Midian for the remaining forty years of the reign of Thotmes III."

The story of the finding of Moses is told in Exodus, Chapter II. It is there related that Pharaoh, becoming alarmed at the rapid increase in numbers of the Hebrews, commanded that every boy born should be straightway cast into the Nile. When Moses was born his mother hid him for three months, and the account continues as follows:

"And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink.

"And his sister stood afar off to wit what would be done with him.

"And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it.

"And when she had opened it, she saw the child; and behold the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.

"Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?

"And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother.

"And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it.

"And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses; and she said, Because I drew him out of the water."

The identification of Hatshepsut is a piece of real scientific detective work, made possible only by the recent discovery of the tombs of Jericho's Kings. These were found by the Marston expedition, which is under the direction of Professor John Garstang, the distinguished English archeologist. The expedition has been at work several years on the site of the ancient city.

The tombs of the Kings were uncovered last year. While they bore no dates, they contained quantities of Egyptian vases and other objects which were easily recognized and dated. Jericho had been for centuries under the protection of Egypt, or at least had paid her tribute, and the articles in the tombs had been gifts of the various Pharaohs ruling when the occupants of the tombs had been alive. This enabled the scientists to fix the time of the burials.

Thus it was found that the last King of Jericho had lived approximately a century after Queen Hatshepsut's reign. If followed then that this must have been the date of Joshua's capture and destruction of the city, since after that there was no city over which to rule, and no king left to rule the ruins. For, as it is written in Joshua, Chapter 7, Verse 21:

"And they utterly destroyed all that was in the city (Jericho), both man and woman, young and old, and ox, sheep, and ass, with the edge of the sword."

It had been thought that this destruction had taken place in the thirteenth century, B. C. The discoveries in the tombs placed it two centuries earlier. They fix the date of the Exodus from Egypt as about 1440 B. C.

Now the scientists began to calculate. If Jericho had been destroyed by Joshua one hundred years after Queen Hatshepsut's death, that pointed directly to her as the "Pharaoh's daughter" of the Biblical narrative. The Bible says that Moses was eighty years old when he faced Pharoah and brought down the Ten Plagues. Before that he had been for forty years in the land of Midian. That made him forty years old when he fled from Egypt. The flight therefore coincided with the date of the death of Hatshepsut. But Hatshepsut had sat upon the throne for 27 years. That made Moses a stripling of thirteen when her father died.

Hatshepsut is believed to have been between fifty and sixty years old when she died.

When Moses was born, therefore, she must have been about fifteen or seventeen years old, a high-spirited, ambitious young woman—since in Egypt children mature more quickly than in colder climates.

"Under the protection of Hatshepsut," says Sir Charles Marston, "Moses became an important official at court and a favorite of the princess. After the accession of Thothmes III, Hatshepsut continued to exert her authority in Egypt and incurred the bitter hatred of the new king. On her death, in the fourteenth year of his reign, he seized all her possessions, and her favorites, including Moses, were compelled to flee the country. Thothmes III reigned about fifty-three years, and it is recorded in the Bible that Moses spent forty years in exile. Not until after the death of the king did Moses return to Egypt, and then the exodus took place."

Hatshepsut, so shrewd in other things, appears to have misjudged the character of her son-in-law. There would have been criticism if she had openly murdered the rightful Pharaoh, but there were no coroners in those days, and who would have known whether someone put poison in the royal nuisance's wine or if he just died of acute indigestion? The fact that she let him live proves that she never dreamed of the cruel revenge he was plotting.

As soon as she died and he was firmly on the throne, son-in-law Thotmes sent men up and down his long, thin empire, with orders that must have caused the mummy of Queen Hatshepsut to turn in its sarcophagus. Everyone of her statues, bearded or otherwise, was pitched from its pedestal and smashed. The first blow was to knock from the statue's brow the uraeus, the sacred two-headed serpent, indicating divine royalty.

However, he could not demolish the temples she had built, because they were dedicated to Amen or other major gods. Such action would have been sacrilege, and besides make trouble with the priestcraft. He got around this, as he thought, by ordering the hated name of his mother-in-law erased from all inscriptions of the kind and his own substituted.

This, he imagined, would fool posterity, which would give him credit for all her building and most of her boasting. Instead, the vandalism of Thotmes has now made his mother-in-law far more famous than if he had let her statues and carvings remain to be erased by the elements or destroyed by invaders.

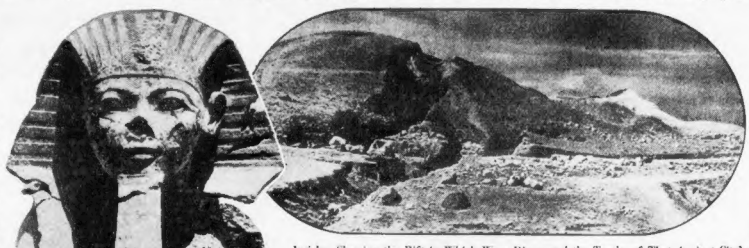
But Pharoah Thotmes must also have been a hasty, careless man, for he bungled the job. As soon as modern archeologists, using the Rosetta stone as a key, began to decipher the hieroglyphics, the mother-in-law's identity spoke to them through those inscriptions. Pharaoh's scribes had stuck their master's name on in place of hers, but that was not enough—they had neglected to change the gender of the pronouns. In places they read:

"King Thotmes III she made this monument to her father Amen."

So the scholars smiled and told the historians that the temples and obelisks were not his but hers. Then they wondered what the vindictive Pharaoh had done with the pieces of her big statues from her splendid temple at Deir-el-Bahari. Perhaps he had been careless about that, too. Sure enough, he had, but it was not till last season that they found he had pitched them down into the quarry from which Queen Hatshepsut had cut some of her tallest obelisks.

In this Thotmes had blundered again. The sands of the desert had blown down into the pit and covered the fragments, with the result that they are now the best preserved of that particular dynasty in existence today. Even the ancient coloring is fresh and bright. Thotmes had unintentionally preserved his mother-in-law's hated features from the weather, face-paint and all. The shade of Queen Hatshepsut must have laughed at the shade of her son-in-law as they looked down from the realm of Osiris and saw the scientific joy of the Metropolitan Museum's excavators when they brought to light splendidly preserved heads and bodies depicting this ancient feminist.

Tons upon tons of broken statuary, carved from red granite, black granite and limestone were carefully lifted out of the sand and placed in store-rooms to form the basis of one of the greatest picture-puzzles of all times. The experts will probably play at that game for many years. As fast as a statue is stuck together it will be set up in the original place from which 3,400 years ago it was evicted. So Queen Hatshepsut will have her temple and statues for all time, slightly disfigured, but much less so than if her son-in-law had not tried to rub her name from the page of history.



Jericho, Showing the Rift in Which Were Discovered the Tombs of That Ancient City's Kings. Within Them Was Found Convincing Evidence Identifying the Princess Who Rescued Moses.

Hatshepsut as a Sphynx—Broken to Pieces by Her Daughter's Husband 3400 Years Ago and Patiently Put Together Again by Modern Archeologists.

Colossal Statue of the Queen With Its Face Mutilated and Hands Broken by Her Son-in-Law.

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. . . measured . . . photographed

Palmolive's great beauty ingredient

We show you—at a glance—why over 20,000 beauty experts have put their seal of approval on Palmolive Soap . . . why they recommend it to patrons as the true method of beauty cleansing

TURN your eyes to that test tube on the right! Think! All that olive oil goes into every cake of Palmolive Soap! No wonder beauty experts single it out from among all soaps. No wonder they advise its use twice daily to retain the clear, wholesome skin of youth.

Olive oil holds supreme place among natural beautifiers. It soothes, protects, penetrates. You know that. So does your beauty expert.

But, you may wonder, can you get enough olive oil in soap? Palmolive answers: YES—and shows you just how much goes into every cake. Here is convincing proof of the beauty value of this famous soap.

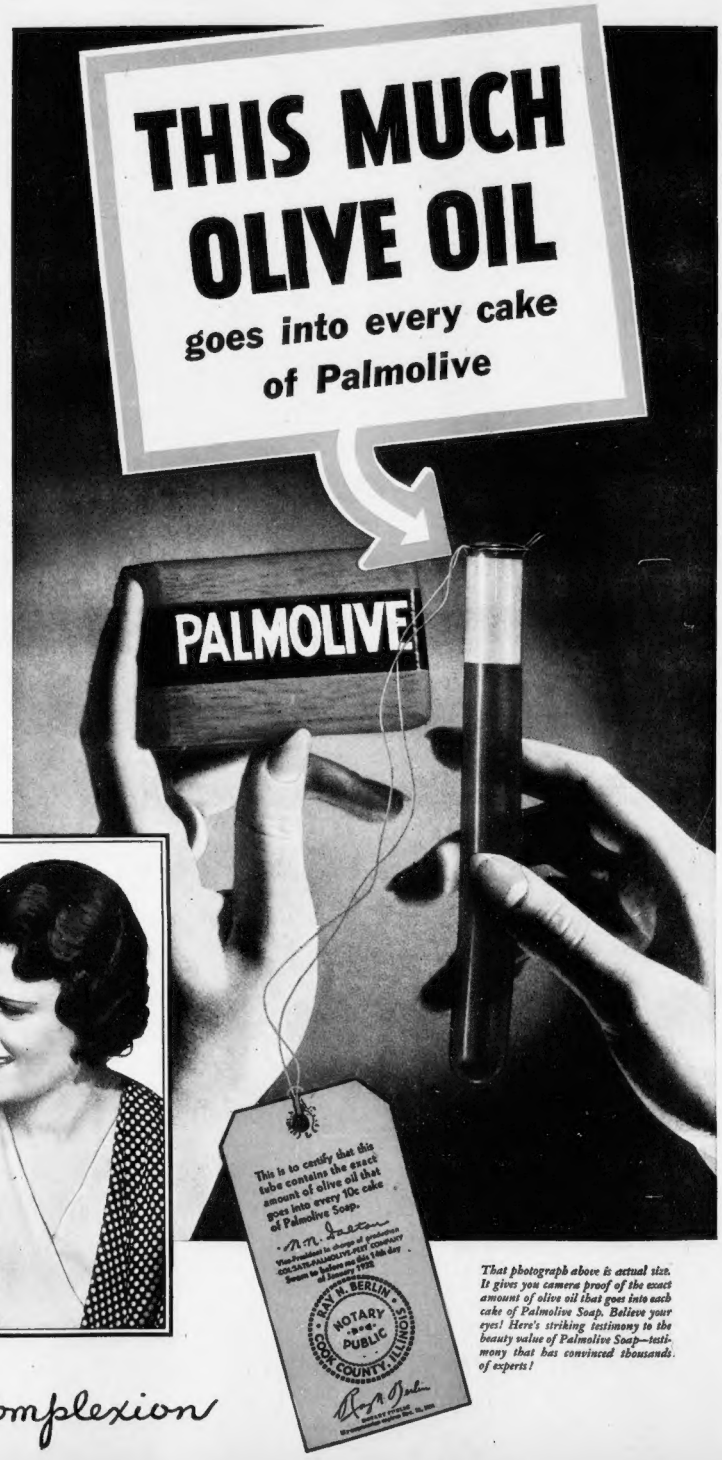
What about other soaps?

Those countless other soaps claiming beauty results...do *they* tell you what's in them? Do they contain olive oil? Vegetable oils? Unless you know, how dare you use such soaps on your skin? Palmolive tells you—Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils. To the generous olive oil content we add palm oils—just enough to give that rich, creamy lather—no other fats whatsoever. Palmolive is the outstanding facial soap made exclusively of vegetable oils—the one leading facial soap containing such generous quantities of olive oil!

No artificial coloring

Palmolive's green comes from the natural oils of which it is made—not a drop of artificial coloring. There is no strong scent to quarrel with the odor of your favorite perfume—just a refreshing, wholesomely natural fragrance.

Try Palmolive, for face, for bath. Work its creamy lather into the skin with your hands. Rinse it off with warm water, followed by cool. This twice-daily cleansing is the very basis of natural loveliness. Make it your daily beauty rule if you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion.


THIS MUCH OLIVE OIL
goes into every cake of Palmolive
PALMOLIVE
This is to certify that this tube contains the exact amount of olive oil that goes into every 10c cake of Palmolive Soap.
RAY H. BERLIN
NOTARY PUBLIC
COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS

That photograph above is actual size. It gives you camera proof of the exact amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive Soap. Believe your eyes! Here's striking testimony to the beauty value of Palmolive Soap—testimony that has convinced thousands of experts!

DOROTHY—
"It must be good for the complexion—all that olive oil in Palmolive!"
ELEANOR—
"That's what my beauty shop operator says. She also says people don't know *what* other soaps are made from. Imagine that!"

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

First a Blonde, Then a Brunette Blocked His Career

"Lone Wolf," Bank Robber, Terror of the Western Banks, Explains Why He Worked Alone to Keep Out of Trouble; but Couldn't Keep Away From "Lady Friends," Who Kept Getting Him Into Trouble

Evelyn Neath, Second Wife of "Lone Wolf" Loftus.

DONALD "LONE WOLF" LOFTUS, thirty-year-old bandit sheik, was first put behind prison walls because of a blonde. Paying off the blonde penalty in four years' service at Leavenworth Penitentiary, he came out vowing never to look at another fair head. In four years' time a lot of brunettes had become blondes, likewise red-heads, and some natural blondes appeared even blonder—but natural or synthetic, he wasn't to be fooled again by the type.

So starting out on his post-prison career thoroughly deblonded and determined as well to stay that way despite the fact it was not considered a gentlemanly attitude to take, he prospered for two years. But, alas! In his own words you can't stay away from women forever and "any fellow that's worth anything has girl friends." Because he had thumbs down on the blondes he became involved with a brunette; her husband objected, and the "Lone Wolf" finds himself in a prison cell again awaiting trial on charges of robbing fourteen banks.

Mr. Loftus has made a frank confession to the Illinois police concerning his hold-up exploits. He cheerily named twelve of the banks and their locations throughout the country, forgot the names of the last two, but after a little aid from his questioners he was able to recall the last two, also.

He is well named the "Lone Wolf," for according to his own story, and he has plenty of bank presidents and other witnesses to local him out, he has always, with the exception of one time, accomplished his stick-ups single-handed. The exception was when he "hired a bum" in Plainfield, Ill., and for his assistance gave him the price of a meal, he said. The "assistance" did not prove satisfactory, however, because the bum was so frightened and hungry, too, most likely, that he "bungled" the job for Loftus and almost succeeded in getting him caught.

Thereafter, Loftus says he worked alone and still would be out and around, he declares dolefully, had not he met an attractive brunette of Mishawaka, Ind., who was married but not too seriously. She had told her husband that she was the happiest when he stayed away from her, so, being a little sensitive, he took her at her word.

Leaving her mother's home, where the young couple resided, hubby stayed away for a while, but like most men who are told to get out and stay out he had a hankering to go back to see if she really meant it. He found out she did. This made him peeved.

Knowing that his wife was very fond of good times, that she loved to dance and eat—especially in fancy cafés and night clubs—he got into the habit of hanging around in the near vicinity of her home to see if she was doing any of these things. After a week of "covering" the house, he saw her one night come tripping down the porch stairs dressed in a pretty white sports outfit, clothes he'd never seen before, walk a block down the street and step into one of the classiest looking roadsters he'd glimpsed in a long time. And he knew automobiles because he worked as an attendant in a gas station.

The husband, his jealousy thoroughly aroused, rushed from work each night to take up vigil near the girl's home.

Each night thereafter for almost a week the same thing occurred. Wifey, dazzling in new clothes, fairly danced to the waiting car in which sat a dark-haired youth, who, the husband noted, had as many changes of clothes as the girl. One night he would appear dressed in a light gray suit and top coat of the same color; the next night it was a different color, with a hat to match every ensemble.

On the sixth night the husband had his own car ready—a second hand Ford—and he followed the classy roadster to a roadhouse just outside of South Bend, Ind. While his wife and her escort were inside, the husband searched the roadster for some evidence as to the identity of the wife-charmer. Under the cushion of the seat he uncovered two .44 caliber pistols. Here, the excited husband thought, was evidence of something or other.

Racing back to Mishawaka he related his discoveries to the local police. It was not until the next day, however, that Loftus was captured. It was while he sat in a barber chair at Mishawaka that the police, arrested Loftus after they had been tipped off by the jealous husband. The guns were found in the car again and Loftus was taken to the station for questioning. Once there it was not long before he was identified by pictures as the lone bank bandit. News of his capture was flashed to other States and hordes of witnesses turned up to identify him.

Los Angeles police did their best to have him brought back to California for trial since he is charged with wounding an officer as well as robbing banks, but McHenry County, Ill., succeeded in keeping him for trial.

In the two years the "Lone Wolf" has been out of prison he has accomplished fourteen bank robberies—a bank held up every two months or a little oftener. Whenever Mr. Loftus needed a little money for his lady friends he stepped in his fast roadster, tucked a couple of automatic pistols in his pocket, pulled his hat down over his eyes, lined up the bank people and customers—and was soon home again with a cash supply to last him six or seven weeks.

Of course, during these robberies the bandit had many unexpected experiences, some of which he has recounted to the police. Part of the time he made his residence in Chicago and he was careful to keep away from the haunts of the gangsters who were known to the police. To cover his operations as a bank bandit he posed as a prosperous business man and actually operated four trucks to meat from the stockyards in Chicago to surrounding towns. While Loftus did not drive the trucks himself, he managed the business. Describing one of his escapades after the robbery of the Citizens' State Bank of Delavan, Wisconsin, last February, he said:

"An alarm sounded as I was robbing the bank. But it seems there quite frequently had been false alarms when wires of the alarm crossed, and the bank officials had neglected to have it fixed. So like the boy who called 'wolf' just once too often, neither the police nor the vigilantes of the town bothered to investigate. Instead, the poolroom proprietor across the street from the bank who had been warned a member of the operators' organization pledged to protect banks from robberies, sent a small boy over to tell bank officials that their alarm was going up again.

"I met him at the door. 'The alarm is ringing again,' he informed me, 'and they're getting sore about it.'"

As an afterthought, related Loftus, the boy added: "Of course, there ain't no robbery, is there?"

"Of course not," the "Lone Wolf" answered, and the boy, reassured, sauntered into the bank and told the frightened bank clerks why it was nobody paid any attention to the alarm.

"I laughed all the way back to Chicago," added Loftus, "but next day when I read that I had overlooked $13,000, I didn't feel so smart about it."

In Illinois, Indiana and some other States the banking interests have organized vigilantes. These citizens serve without pay, are composed largely of the town's merchants, are all armed and drilled with rifle and pistol practice, and are summoned to action by an elaborate system of buzzers and

Light. If a bandit enters a bank, a [illegible] pushed [illegible] button connects the [illegible] and rings [illegible] the alarm sounds [illegible] Loftus [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Popular Beliefs T

Not True That **a Violent Explosion Outdoors Will "Blow in" the Windows of the Houses Near by—The Fact Is the Glass Falls Outside.**

Notion False **That "Lightning Does Not Strike Twice in the Same Place." Where Lightning Has Struck Once It Is More Likely to Strike Again.**

No Evidence **That Powdered Glass Is Especially Dangerous to Swallow, or That Fruit Seeds Lodge in the Appendix and Cause Appendicitis.**

Nothing in **the Idea That a Sinking Ship Does Not Reach the Bottom, But Is Held Suspended Part Way Down by the Pressure of the Water.**

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ASK one hundred average Americans whether powdered glass is a poison, and about eighty of them will answer yes, trials show. Ask them at which season of the year the sun is closest to the earth and about three-quarters will say Summer. Ask whether a violent explosion is likely to blow in nearby glass windows and about 65 per cent will reply "certainly." More than half of a group of average Americans will state that a sunken ship does not necessarily go to the bottom of the ocean, but may float part way down, sustained by the enormous pressure of the water. An equal percentage will say that volcanoes get their heat from the molten interior of the earth, that an ostrich can eat iron, that the Sahara Desert is covered with sand, that bathers on the seashore can be drowned by the undertow, and that Columbus discovered America.

"Why, certainly, everybody knows those things are so. They are common knowledge," most people will answer, and look with surprise that there should be any doubt about them.

Yet every one of these ideas is wrong. Together with belief in the Sargasso Sea somewhere in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, in the fact that quicksands suck people down to their deaths, in the all but fatal results of being bitten by a human being, or in the inability of lightning to strike twice in the same place, these represent what Dr. Thomas Brown hundreds of years ago called "vulgar errors," and wrote a famous book to refute. They are things that almost everybody believes, and about which almost everybody is wrong.

That lightning never strikes twice in the same place is, perhaps, the most foolish blunder of all, for almost the precise reverse of it is the fact. Lightning tends always to strike in the same place, provided a few simple conditions are satisfied. For example, the Empire State Building, in New York City, is the tallest building in America, as the Eifel Tower is in Paris. The New York City structure has been completed only a few months, yet already it has been struck dozens of times by lightning. The Eifel Tower, in its longer life, has been struck thousands of times. Also, lower structures in the neighborhood of these taller ones have not been struck at all since the giants were erected.

The truth is, of course, that lightning tends always to strike the highest object in the neighborhood. A mountain top, a single tree exposed alone on a steep mountain ridge, the chimney of the only house in a broad, open field, or an especially tall building like the Empire State Building, all form natural targets for lightning, and are certain to be struck sooner or later, not only twice, but many times.

Tests made on college students indicate that the three commonest present day errors are the idea that powdered glass is a poison, the idea that the sun is closest to the earth in Summer and the idea that ships that sink below the surface of the sea continue to float a mile or two down because of the water pressure. All three are completely wrong.

More than a century ago medical men made definite experiments on the supposed poisonousness of powdered glass, and proved that it is nothing of the sort. Some twenty years ago a London surgeon, Dr. S. G. Shattuck, tested the ability of powdered glass to cause appendicitis, and found it unable even to work this damage on the body. Before the war a poisoner arrested by the police testified in New York City that he had first tried powdered glass on his intended victim, being misled by the common idea that it is a poison. Nothing happened, and a more powerful poison had to be used. Only a few weeks ago a New York State individual ate six broken electric lamp globes with the intention of committing suicide. He was virtually unharmed. Even diamond dust, another of the supposed poisons of this class, is regarded by experts as being virtually harmless.

The truth is that the stomach and other internal organs through which food passes became accustomed, long ago in evolution, to take care of sharp objects like sand or bits of broken stone. Cavemen must have eaten such things by millions during their lifetimes. In any event, the modern intestinal lining is amply able to keep from cutting itself on powdered glass or any similar material. Physicians do not recommend powdered glass as an article of diet, and there is, perhaps, a slight chance that it might harm an occasional individual, but to regard it as in any sense a poison is the sheerest nonsense. Probably the idea was started by way of camouflage by some medieval poisoner who was using arsenic or some other crystalline powder, and who called it powdered glass to deceive his employers or associates.

The idea that the sun and the earth are closest together in Summer probably is based on the obvious fact that the earth's northern hemisphere is warmest in that season. The fact is, however, that the average distance of the earth from the sun is millions of miles greater in Summer than in Winter, which is one result of the fact that the earth's orbit is slightly elongated along one diameter instead of being an exact circle. The sun, furthermore, is not at the precise centre of this ellipse, but it is a little to one side of this centre.

The greater warmth of Summer in the northern hemisphere has nothing to do with the distance of the sun or with the intensity of sunlight. It is caused by the tilting of the earth's axis, which tips the northern hemisphere toward the sun in Summer, so that it gets more sunlight, and away from the sun in Winter, so that it gets less.

People often comment with surprise on the warmth of the Winter sun as it shines through windows. This is right. The sunlight actually is slightly warmer on an average Winter day than on an average Summer one, partly because the sun is closer and partly because Winter air is likely to be clearer than Summer air. In the southern hemisphere, of course, the effects of the tilt of the earth's axis are reversed, so that the countries south of the Equator have their cold season in July and August and their warm one in January and February.

No one knows just why there is so common an idea that ships which sink need not go to the bottom of the sea. Certainly there is no basis whatsoever for it, provided the ship sinks below the surface at all. There are some wrecked ships, of course, which become what are called "derelicts," and constitute great dangers to navigation, since they float just at the surface of the waves. These derelicts, however, never actually sink at all, but float just at the surface, with a few feet or inches of their mass projecting above the level of smooth water, although often washed over by waves. If a ship actually sinks, especially an iron ship, scientific physics and practical experience agree that it will go promptly to the bottom, no matter how deep that may be.

The pressure of the water has nothing to do with the matter. If any air spaces are left inside the ship, these may be crushed by the water pressure and the air driven out, but the metal or wood of the ship will not be affected. Neither does the pressure on the water make that fluid appreciably denser, so that heavier objects like iron would float in it.

The blowing in of windows by an explosion is a more reasonable error. It is perfectly true that windows often are broken by explosions; even, sometimes, by nearby claps of thunder. A careful observer will notice, however, that the broken pieces of glass almost always are lying on the ground outside the window, never on the floor inside. The truth is that explosions make windows blow out, not blow in. Why this is true is one of the most interesting object lessons in the science of physics.

The air wave that accompanies the sound of an explosion consists of two parts, following each other very closely. First, there is a wave of high pressure or condensation. Immediately behind it comes a wave of low pressure or rarefaction. The first, the compression wave, tends to push the window in, but seldom succeeds in doing so, since thick glass really is very strong. It does have the effect, however, of bending the window inward a little, due to the springiness of the glass. Then comes the following rarefaction wave, tending to bend the window outward. The window, however, already has been sprung inward by the compression wave and is about to spring back anyway, due to its own elastic forces. The result is that two forces now tend to blow the window outward: the elasticity of the window itself and the sucking action of the wave of rarefaction from the explosion. Thus the window bends outward too much and breaks, although it had withstood successfully the single inward force of the first wave from the explosion.

The idea that volcanoes communicate with a vast ball of fire inside the earth was also a natural one to form as soon as science developed the theory that the earth still is hot inside, and was formed in the beginning from white-hot gases pulled out of the sun. It happens, however, that the theory of a molten inside for the earth is entirely impossible. Mathematical calculations, on which virtually all scientists now agree, indicate that if the earth really consisted of a crust of solid rock on top of an ocean of everlasting fire, the rocky crust would break up instantly under the intense tidal forces of the sun and the moon, like the forces which raise the tides in the gigantic bulk of the ocean.

One can be sure that there is no molten rock inside the earth for the good reason that mankind and all his works would be engulfed instantly if there were. Studies of the movement of earthquake waves through the earth prove, furthermore, that the interior of the planet, however hot it may be and of whatever material it may be composed, certainly is at least as rigid as steel, and probably more so. The heat of volcanoes now is believed to be supplied by small pockets of heated and, possibly, molten rock only a few miles below the surface; the heat itself perhaps coming from local deposits of radio-active minerals, and perhaps from intense friction between different rock layers moved by the same motions that cause earthquakes.

The supposed ability of the ostrich to eat and digest iron is another common error, and is only one of the nature-fakes surrounding this bird. Another is the idea, perhaps equally common, that when an ostrich is pursued it will bury its head in the sand and believe that it is completely hidden. Hunters who have spent years in South Africa, where the ostrich is common, deny ever having seen this head-burying maneuver. It is contradicted, too, by the fact that there still are ostriches.

Man is not, and never has been, the sole enemy of these birds. Lions and other animals always have hunted them. Lacking wings with which to fly, the ostriches have developed long and powerful legs with which to run away or to administer, in emergencies, very powerful kicks. But if these birds had been for thousands of years so foolish as to deem themselves hidden when they were not, lions and other animals long since would have exterminated the species.

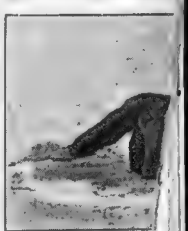
How the sand-hiding fable began no one knows, but the iron-eating one probably goes back to the actual habit of the ostrich, together with chickens and many other birds, of swallowing occasional stones or other hard, rounded objects, some of which remain in the bird's muscular crop and are believed to aid the grinding and digesting of the harder kinds of seeds and other foods. Possibly some ostriches actually will swallow an iron ball or a similar object if they see one, mistaking it for a particularly desirable variety of grinding stone, but the iron-eating habit is no more to be pinned on all ostriches than a sword-swallowing habit on humanity because occasional individuals indulge in this performance in circus sideshows.

Another nature-fake that receives wide if not universal belief is that the porcupine can shoot out its quills, which then stick into invaders and drive them away. Probably this began with the experience of individuals who got mixed up with porcupines at close quarters and came off plentifully stuck full of quills. These quills are sharp, barbed and come loose easily from the animal's skin. Any one who takes hold of the proverbial "fretful porcupine" may expect to get a few quills in him, whether the porcupine really is fretful or not.

Fantastic Tales Have Been Spread by Ancient Mariners of the Sargasso Sea, a Mysterious Spot in Mid-Ocean. Hundreds of Abandoned Ships. But Every Mile of the Surface of the Oceans Has Been Explored by Scienti

Little Jeannette Hogan Tossed Her Head and Behaved Like a Horse, and Her Peculiarity Was Said to Be the Result of a Fright the Mother Had Before the Little One Was Born. But Science Now Knows That There Is Nothing in the Old Notion That a Child Can Be "Marked" by a Fright or Unpleasant Experience of the Mother Before Its Birth.

Almost Everybody Believes That the Centre of the Earth Is a Liquid Molten Mass, and That Volcanoes Belch Forth Their Liquid Fire Drawn from the Earth's Centre—an Entirely Wrong Notion.



Nobody Doubts That a Q Unfortunate Person Who sand Has No More Power Person Can Float in Quic Can in Water, as Expl Article. These Photogra Quicksand—But the S Happened in

It Is Commonly Believed That the Great Desert of Sahara Is Almost Entirely esting Photograph. It Is True That There Are Such Sand Dunes and Barren

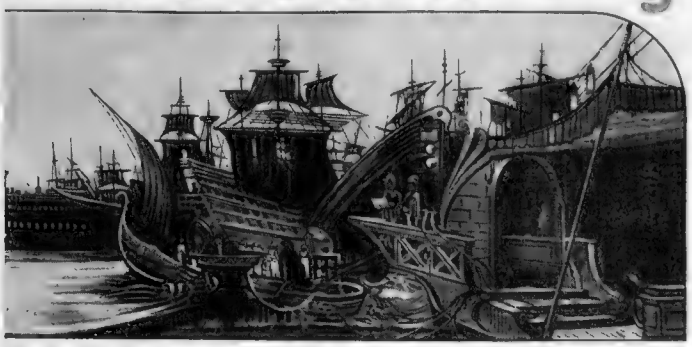
hat Are All Wrong

Nothing to Justify the Belief That a Mad Dog Shuns Water, or Human Beings Afflicted With Hydrophobia Refuse to Drink.

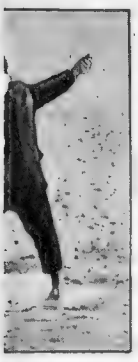
Entirely Senseless the Notion That a Baby May Be "Marked" by Unpleasant Happenings to the Mother Before Birth.

Nothing to Show That "An Ostrich Hides Its Head in the Sand," or Has the Ability to Eat and Digest Scraps of Iron and Such.

Easy to Prove That a Quicksand Does Not "Suck Down" a Person, and That It Is Not Any More Dangerous Than a Pond of Water.



Where There Is a Thick Mass of Vegetation, and Huddled Together Are the Silent Floating Wrecks of sts, and No Such Place Has Been Found. This Picture Is from the Mural Painting by Mr. Wm. Mackey.



Sucks Down" the It. But a Quick- Than Water. A as Surely as He a Accompanying Man Sinking in a Would Have Vater.

But there is not the slightest reason to believe that porcupines shoot quills at people any more than that cactus plants bombard visitors with thorns.

That the Sahara Desert is covered with vast, rolling waves of sand is an idea derived, it is probable, from the pictures of sand dunes so frequently printed and more than ever popular since the vogue of desert romances in the movies. Such dunes do exist, it is true, in a few parts of the Sahara Desert, just as they do in California, in South America, in Central Asia and in other desert lands. But by far the largest part of all deserts has either a stony surface or a surface of caked clay and clayey soil. The Sahara is no exception. Only a negligible fraction of its area is covered with the rolling, sharp - edged dunes like waves of the sea, which are what the painters always paint and the photographers always photograph.

Even experienced bathers often believe in the undertow, a current of water supposed to flow outward from a sea beach underneath the wave surface and to carry with it to their deaths unwary bathers who get into its clutches. As a matter of fact, no expert swimmer and no ocean scientist ever has been able to find any sign of this undertow. Probably what the bathers feel is the water of the waves washing back toward the ocean after having rolled up on the beach. The breaking of waves naturally washes any floating thing, even a bather, alternately landward and seaward on the beach. Probably a frightened bather feels the dangerous seaward part of this motion as though it were a continuous current.

Columbus discovered America is an ex- f the many errors which almost everyows to be wrong, but which still persist ion speech. Everyone knows, of course, nerica must have been discovered long by the ancestors of the American Indians, hese people were here when Columbus arrived. It is probable that many different bands and races of these Indians reached the Pacific Coast of North and South America centuries before the voyage of Columbus. There is good evidence, too, that North America was discovered by the European Norsemen several hundred years before its rediscovery by Columbus. Many experts, like Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard, believe that South America was discovered by African traders long before Columbus' day. and that negroes had been taken to South America and natives of that country brought back to the Old World.

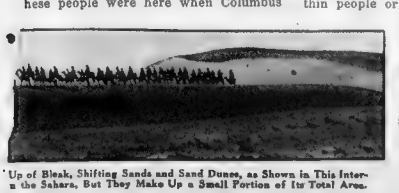
Another historical belief for which there is no real evidence is that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. That Rome burned is incontestable, and that Nero's character was not all that might be wished also is highly probable. Nevertheless, there is no real historical record of the famous fiddling episode, and it neither accords well with Nero's known characteristics nor with the ideas and customs of his time. Nero may not have been either wise or good, but modern historians suspect that he was a great deal better than he usually is painted, having been too much maligned by early writers, who resented his undoubted persecution of the Christians.

One bit of ancient folk lore that survives widely in the world, but for which medical science can find no evidence at all, is the belief that anything which frightens an expectant mother may "mark" in some way the child that later is born. The skin blemishes called birthmarks often are explained in this way, as are the curious facial resemblances which people occasionally have to horses or pigs or other animals. Probably this idea of an influence of fright is really an afterthought. A child is discovered, for example, to have a birthmark that looks a little like a cat, just as imaginative people think that they see animal shapes in clouds or a "man" in the volcanic markings on the moon. Thereupon friends and family think back and remember that the child's mother, weeks or months before, had some experience with a cat, as probably everybody else concerned had also, since cats are by no means uncommon animals. In any event, not a shred of scientific evidence ever has been found for the "marking" idea.

Less harmful, because it causes nobody pain, is the common idea that thunder sours milk; in which, too, science can find no shred of truth. Probably this is a result of the fact that hot weather certainly helps to sour milk, merely because the germs that do the souring grow better when warm. Also, hot weather is likely to cause thunderstorms. Thereupon people who notice that there has been a thunderstorm and that the milk has soured, jump to the ridiculous conclusion that the two events were cause and effect.

The supposed sucking effects of quicksand are also outside the realm of scientific observation. Probably what happens is that the victim struggles and sinks, precisely as he would do in clear water. Quicksand is known to consist, in fact, merely of a sand and water mixture, with the sand kept more or less permanently in suspension by a rising current of the water.

People who fall into quicksands actually may be killed, indeed, by believing the delusion that these sands can suck them down. Almost everyone knows nowadays that if a person who cannot swim merely lies perfectly still in the water and floats on his back, he will be able to keep at least the tip of his nose above water and thus to breathe. The only exceptions to this are very thin people or people greatly weighted down with clothes. The trouble is that the average drowning individual struggles, threshes about in the water and tries to keep his head entirely out of that element, which is impossible unless he really knows how to swim.



Up of Bleak, Shifting Sands and Sand Dunes, as Shown in This Intern the Sahara, But They Make Up a Small Portion of Its Total Area.

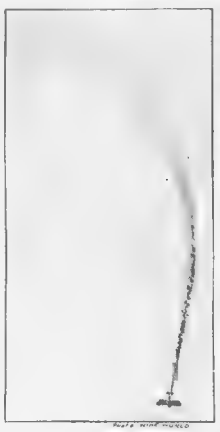
The same thing is true of quicksands. The rising current of water keeps the wet sand in a condition much like actual water. A human body will float in it if the body is perfectly quiet, although it may sink until only the tip of the face is exposed. But if a person caught in such quicksand struggles and tries to crawl out onto firm ground, which is what almost everybody does, he is likely to sink farther and farther, just as he would do if he were struggling in pure water. One cannot walk on quicksand any more than one can walk on water. All that the person who is caught can do is to float and wait for help.

That is why belief in the sucking effect of quicksand may kill. Believing this, the victim struggles against the sand, thus making his plight worse than ever.

Explorer after explorer has searched the ocean looking for the fabled Sargasso Sea, supposed to be an area in the South Atlantic where the ocean currents carry all kinds of floating things—weeds of all kinds called sargasso, tree trunks and other debris washed down by the continental rivers, even the hulks of abandoned ships. No one has ever found anything of the kind, although every square mile of the ocean has been searched.

The extreme danger supposed to lurk in human bites is another ancient myth which will not down in face of ample denials, both by experience and by science. Any animal bite, it is true, is likely to be infected by germs which were living in the animal's mouth. Human bites are no exception. The danger is no greater than from dog bites, probably less. Nevertheless, people who are bitten accidentally or purposely by other human beings continually run panic-stricken to hospitals to ward off the dread disaster supposed to follow.

Brass articles such as brass pins also are popularly supposed to produce "poisoned" wounds from which trouble is to be expected. In fact, the only danger to be anticipated from any such minor wound is that of germ infection, usually from germs which were living on the victim's skin and thus got into the wound instead of being on the pin or other object that made the wound. A sufficient precaution against harm from brass pins or any other brass object is precisely the same precaution which should be taken for all minor wounds by knives, needles or anything else. This is to apply some reputable germ killer.



It Is Widely Believed That a Person Falling from a Great Height Is Dead Before He Reaches the Ground, But Aviators in Nose Dives Drop Much More Swiftly and Greater Distances Without Any Ill Effects Whatever.

Finally, there are a series of mistakes about foods and drinks in which scientific fact has not yet routed popular belief. Fish is proclaimed to be a "brain food," although there is not a particle of scientific evidence for anything of the kind. Clear water from deep wells is popularly supposed to be pure and safe to drink, whereas in fact there is not the slightest indication of purity or safety in mere clearness or origin from great depths. Exercising the body is supposed to rest the mind, but there is no reason whatever to believe anything of the kind. The only thing that the exercise does to the mind is to relieve it from working, which would happen even more effectively if the mentally tired individual did nothing or went to sleep.

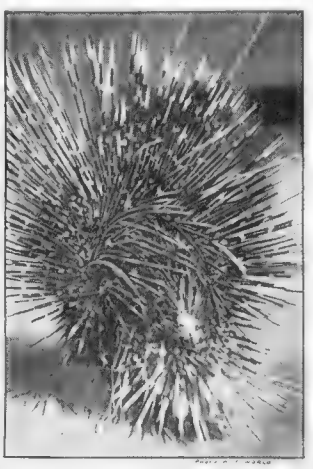
A very ancient idea still held by millions of people, even in civilized parts of the world, is that most deaths occur when the tide is going out, especially in seashore cities. Scientists would not be able to deny this theory, merely because no possible connection could be discerned. The tide is a measure, of course, of certain gravitational forces acting between the earth, the moon and the sun. Conceivably these forces might affect in some unknown fashion the workings of the human body or the moment at which ailing individuals die. In fact, however, the relation has been investigated, statistically, for example, by Dr. Charles Pere, of Paris, with the result that no relation ever has been discerned between the hours of tide and the hours at which most people die.

In New York City, several years ago, a complete analysis was made of the hour and minute of all of the recorded deaths in the city limits during one year. The maximum of deaths was found to be at approximately 1 A. M., the minimum, curiously enough, falling only one hour earlier, at midnight. Deaths, on the average, were found to be commoner during the early morning hours, between midnight and breakfast time, than during the daylight hours. The statisticians responsible for this survey decided, however, that no mysterious forces were at work, but that the different numbers of deaths, for example, at midnight and 1 A. M. were to be explained merely on the ground of meal-time interest.

Sick people in hospitals usually are fed or otherwise attended to at about midnight. This means something going on and something to which the sick person can look forward. This expectation probably tends to keep such sick people interested and alive a little longer. Once the midnight excitement is over, persons at the point of death let down again mentally, and a fraction of them are more likely to die during the next two hours than at any other time in the twenty-four.

Often repeated in books or articles concerning sound is the statement that a wineglass may be broken into fragments by singing at the glass the proper musical note. The great singer Enrico Caruso often is said to have been able to do this at will.

Once more, this is something which physical science cannot absolutely deny. It is true that objects capable of vibrating freely, like bells or bell-shaped wineglasses, can be set into vibration by what is called resonance, as the effect of a sound tuned to precisely the same pitch as the natural pitch of the wineglass. Many scientific men, however, have made innumerable experiments with such resonant wineglasses and with sounds produced not only by the human voice, but by much more powerful sources, like the great pipes of an organ. Yet there is no recorded example in which the wineglass was broken in this way. Vibrations of the glass can be produced, but these seem never to be violent enough to shatter a glass which is in perfect condition. The famous British physicist, Professor Charles V. Boys, reports success in shattering by sound waves a glass in which he previously had made a nick with a sharp file. Under these circumstances, any vibration of the glass, like that produced by striking it a sharp blow with the fingernail, is likely to cause the file-nick to spread and thus break the glass. Probably the common legend of glasses being shattered by sound waves is due to accidental instances in which glasses already cracked or nicked have fallen apart when set into resonant vibration.



Even Woodsmen and Hunters, Who Ought to Know Better, Believe and Assert That a Porcupine Can and Does "Shoot His Quills" When Attacked—But There Is No Justification for This Common Belief.

Among the common nature-fakes are three that deal with snakes. Many people still believe that no snake will die until sundown, no matter how thoroughly the snake is "killed." Anyone who cares to do so, and can find a snake can discover for himself that this is pur [illegible] Probably the or- [illegible] story is the f [illegible] the belief of

Continued on P. 2

DESIRE

By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

The Fascinating Story of a Girl Who Risked Everything for Love

(Continued from Front Page)

Prue Sat Down Upon That First Day of June at Her Typewriter and Plunged Into Work, but One Lovely, Wistful Eye Was Upon the Girl Who Clung in the Papier Mache Rock.

[illegible] ment Nairne Manderson, upon her high golden stool, made her wager with her pajama-clad guests.

Prue knew most of the mixtures at the Elite, knew, too, that they were as deceptive as life, seeming to be delectable morsels until one bit into them.

At last, with a tray that contained barely enough sustenance for a dumming bird, she approached a table and slid her slim young body into the chair that was crowded between table and wall.

The Elite was always filled at that hour, being on one of the busiest streets in Waynesboro, and serving famously cheap food.

Setting her little jade green hat, a pert thing, with a tip of scarlet feather thrust into the band, more firmly back upon her auburn head, exposing to the world at large her marble-white young forehead, Prue squashed the staring young man opposite with a cold glance and bent dauntily, if without the slightest anticipation, to the business of consuming her cinnamon bun and iced tea.

In the fly-specked mirror beside her there was another Prue, pink, delicious mouth, tiny slightly pointed chin, uptilted nose, glorious sweep of dusky lash—in that mirror, but nowhere else on earth.

The young men in the cafeteria, all staring more or less, knew perfectly well that upon the dusty walks of life one encounters very few, if any, Prues. It was not only her fresh young beauty that drew, it was a halo of something undefinable about the girl, the atmosphere of allure, commonly called "It." Whatever actually that mysterious thing may be which marks certain young persons for golden moments of passion, for glittering hours of enchantment, for love at its maddest and romance at its rosiest, Prudence Brislow had it. Even in the crowded Elite Cafeteria it was as evident as a case of smallpox.

A cinnamon bun and a glass of tea could not conceal the obvious destiny of pale hands that should be lifted in silver moonlight or soft tempting lips that were fashioned for the one kiss that is never forgotten in a lifetime of kisses.

But, difficult as it is to believe, Prue had never been kissed. Not upon those provocative lips. School boys and high school lads, tempted beyond endurance, had timidly pecked at her smooth cheek, led to it by an urge they were too young to define, and had been smartly and unromantically slapped for their daring.

And yet in Prudence, despite her name, which was intended by her mother to have the same effect upon her desires and her behavior as the outflung hand of a traffic cop, in Prudence there was a pulsing longing to know life.

Fatally there, though buried deep.

After consuming her bun and her tea, Miss Brislow walked haughtily from the cafeteria, conscious of the glances which followed her, but utterly indifferent to them. No young man who ate lunch at the Elite could be the donor of one of life's great moments which Prue longed in secret to experience.

Having sauntered down Center Street upon which the Elite opened, Prue turned a corner into pretty little High Street, all along which old time mansions which had once housed the Blairs, the Mandersons, the Lynns and the Carmans before the town expanded, now bore upon their scarred and weather-beaten fronts the more or less polished signs of doctor, lawyer, dentist, artist, real estate dealer and insurance man.

Before the step of a house in the middle of the block where a long array of brass plates announced names and professions of those who earned their daily bread within it, Prue stopped a moment and looked about, drawing a trembling sigh.

It was the first of June. The girl and the month were entirely in tune, rarest of their kind, both. It was hard to go inside there and punch typewriter keys

(Continued on Page 16)

"One glass of this won't kill you, Prue," Said Nancy, Sharply. "It's mostly ginger ale."

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CHAPTER II.

Prue.

PRUDENCE BRISLOW sauntered along the white counter at the Elite Cafeteria, tray in hand, seeking some interesting looking trifle that she might call her lunch, at the exact mo-

[illegible] step the hound of discretion! And I'm not admitting that any of [illegible] thing wron. We do [illegible] We are [illegible] I repeat that [illegible] and our [illegible] and the [illegible] only to do [illegible] to prepare that make us [illegible] Any girl [illegible] who [illegible] would [illegible] had been [illegible] I'm [illegible] for a lot of [illegible] and I can't [illegible] each [illegible] I [illegible] a model. I [illegible] to worry [illegible] until I get [illegible] And I had become [illegible] one hundred dollars on [illegible] girl. You can all [illegible] and look [illegible] but [illegible] It's the [illegible] I've [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] June and [illegible] to buy out our [illegible] It [illegible] look [illegible]

[illegible] People like you should be distributed."

"You demand too much," said Nairne grossly [illegible] thoughtful. "The point question is, who will take up my bet? I have all the work to do until Tony takes a hand."

Anthony Lynn lifted his brow. "What am I to do?" he wanted to know.

Nairne stooped toward him. She touched his cheek with the tip of one red leaf finger.

"You are to educate her Tony darling," she said.

A chorus of delighted cries put a period to this. Through the happy chaos Nairne left her stool and moved to Arthur Pipping who sat upon a widow seat and [illegible] [illegible]

"You say we would take me up?" he demanded. "Will you bet me two thousand dollars that I couldn't take any girl out of this town and make her the wild, wild woman I am in two month?"

"I know blamed well you can do it," groaned Pipping. "But I can't resist it. Who knows what may come of it? Yes, I'll take you on!"

"But you think you'll lose?" asked Nairne.

"I know it," said Pipping.

"That's that, then," said Nairne briskly. "Write this down, somebody. Art bets me that I can't do it. Who else is on?"

"I am," said plump Dulce Carman [illegible] the [illegible] tongue of a lipstick along the curve of her wide, sulptuous mouth. "I'll bet you two thousand more you can't do it. Not if the girl is decent. Already I believe in her, utterly. Not all of us are sinners. And most of us would find our level, no matter what fate placed us, yes, our level or our height. This girl is a darling, and I'm for her. I enter the lists to protect her. Get that. Put this girl in Tony's roadster on a moonlit night and plump her down in the midst of one of our parties, and she'll have a stroke. She'd take pa on or the nearest taxi. Put me down for Miss General Reading Public."

"Blah! She'd go with the crowd!" sneered Duke King, who was pretty well fed up with things at [illegible]

"Young man, a person has to be born to the pace we travel," snapped Dulce.

"I don't [illegible] that," flashed Nairne.

"I'll see you [illegible] Nairne, and Duke King can [illegible] it for you," said Arthur Pipping. "If the girl remains a prude at the end of two months, a wet blanket, a fifth wheel, I tear up that check."

"Then I will give mine to Duke," said Mrs. Carman. "And you make out one for Art and one for me, Nairne."

"How long is it going to take to get this ruin accomplished?" asked Mary Dixon with a yawn that showed the pink roof of her pretty mouth.

"Our crowd works fast," said Dallas Blair. "And as for Tony, he is as sure as death and as rapid as heat lightning!"

"All I ask is a leading woman who can sing," said Lynn. "Our show last Summer was a flop."

"At the end of two months, I shall collect from Art and Duke," said Nairne, walking to a desk in a corner of the room. "I am in deadly earnest. I am in need of money. I want this four thousand dollars and I shall do my best to earn it. And while Aunt Marian is away. No regrets, no advice, no lectures listened to."

"She oughtn't to have too much above the ears," said Art Pipping thoughtfully.

Anthony Lynn, in a handsome robe that was bound about his lithe waist and over his flat hips with a heavy cord, stood aside, leaning against the painted wall, smoking and smiling while Duke King accepted the charge thrust into his languid hands.

A landscape gardener, or architect of note, was Anthony Lynn, when he ceased to be idle and worked at it. The gardens he designed in moments of heaven-inspired magic were of the type where every young maid and matron who looked upon him longed to saunter by his side. He had deep-blue, sleepy eyes that gave the impression of always being on guard, a haughty mouth which seldom smiled that women were intrigued and fascinated by, a firm chin and a lean jaw, a healthily tanned skin and a devilish something about him that got people, men as well as women, which scored one for Tony!

The list of his ruthless conquests was said to be long. Looking at his strong jaw and firm lips one doubted the truth of this, but traveling upward to the narrowed intense eyes, one wondered!

However, this was Anthony Lynn, last of a fine old family, left with nothing, but making a handsome sum and a name every now and then in one of his roused moments, destined by fate and Nairne Manderson to be the leading man in her plot against the unknown girl whom as yet the spotlight of her daring had not picked out in a golden circle from the colorless mass of the working, reading public!

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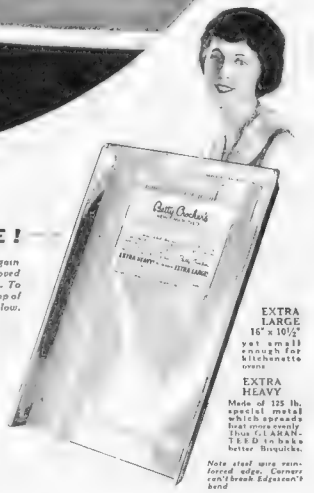

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YOU are one of 5,500,000 families who regularly read The American Weekly—the most interesting weekly magazine in America.

DESIRE

By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 14)

on such a day. Yet Prue had a job. Her sisters had jobs, and even if they were as different from Prue as a couple of foggy nights differ from one golden day, what did that matter? Prue had her bit to do. Her father was a postman and it was not possible for her mother and the three girl to live on his earnings. It never had been. But even if it could have been miraculously accomplished, Mrs. Braslow, a woman of strict, independent views, with a somewhat Puritanical streak, would have firmly insisted that her girls "do something."

Anne was a bookkeeper in the hardware store of Rogers & Rogers, Helen was a nurse in the new Waynesboro Hospital, while Prue—pretty Prue—climbed three flights of dusty creaking stairs to a door which said with splendid impartiality, "John Mawliss, Poet." "Stephen Struthers, Illustrator."

Inside that door, however, the impartiality ceased. It was not hard to see which of the two men who shared the one enormous room was a success and which was not. The section where Stephen Struthers had his studio was gay with audacious chintz, creamy walls, starred with brilliant bits done and painted by himself, filled with tables, easels, a brightly tinted pier glass, cushions.

Upon a thing that looked like a rock on a dais, clung a half-clothed girl in an attitude of striking grace. Wind and wave might have flung her there. Near the girl Stephen Struthers stood before his easel, panting, wearing a soiled smock, which failed to conceal the splendid lines of his tall, loosely knit frame, a villainous looking pipe hanging in a corner of his handsome mouth.

The other part of the room, John Mawliss' part, where Prue had her typewriter, was as unlike that studio as possible. Here was colorless, uninspiring clutter, tasteless, uninviting atmosphere.

Prue could not imagine a more ridiculous place in which to write poetry. It was like expecting roses to bloom in an ashcan. Still, even that has happened.

And yet John Mawliss did write poetry there, and rather good poetry at that, which sold, now and then.

But there was not much money in it, Prue would tell herself, while she typed verses, typed envelopes, stamped them and arranged them in a neat pile.

A lot of them came back. No man had much in him who was content to sit in a corner of that room and write poetry.

Stephen Struthers was succeeding. He was getting into good magazines. But, then, he did splendid, inspiring work. Only now and then as she typed, some cleverly turned phrase, some cunningly pointed expression, would catch at her breath and her slim fingers would falter, her eyes grow wistful.

Then Mawliss would look up with a quick smile of delight.

"Good, eh?" he would ask without the slightest touch of egotism.

Prue would nod, smiling, looking at his stocky little figure, his red face, his hair an unruly mop, horned rimmed glasses having his bright, quizzing eyes.

And she would marvel that in John Mawliss and that drab, littered corner of the studio, that heart-stirring line could have had its birth.

Prue sat down upon that first day of June at her typewriter and plunged into work, but one lovely, wistful eye was upon the girl who clung to the papier mache rock. She wondered how girls got that job. Not to care. How the model could endure Struthers' cool, appraising eyes sweeping over her, and if such girls liked their work. She frankly loathed hers. But she would rather type on forever for John Mawliss than sit for one moment like that girl on the rock, for Stephen Struthers.

And suddenly a great truth dawned upon Prue. She had no moral nerve. If she expected life to grant her the experiences she secretly desired, she must be brave enough to receive them. Brave and daring and fearless and eager. Where these experiences were to come from in Waynesboro was hard to say. Both Struthers and Mawliss treated her like a little sister to be taken care of, shielded, saved from the very things Prue long to know.

Struthers was a quiet, unsmiling young man, with tastes somewhat like those of Prue's mother, and occasionally he set a screen about a model. On those days Prue's eyes ached and her neck ached, and she made frequent excuses to go to the Struthers end of the room.

Yet she knew the undraped model was as little to Stephen Struthers as a table or a chair. Everything was his work and his determination to get on, and Prue could not fancy him stirred by anything. He used that screen for her. She was well chaperoned in the studio of Mawliss and Struthers. Her mother had seen to that.

Now and then Helen came home bringing scraps of news from the hospital that set Prue's heart pounding behind her demure, wondering eyes, that flung her for a moment close to life. Now and then things that Helen read recurred to her as she typed Mawliss' poetry. Snatches, raw, unfinished, confusing and unsatisfying.

"And she wouldn't tell not until he came, and I put the baby in his arms . . . had the ceremony right there . . . the night nurse holding junior . . . unusual . . . never done before, but this hospital of ours is . . . " "He simply raved for her and at last they said she might see him and his temperature went down from that moment . . . all night she sat there holding his hand and the weather hot as Hades." "She said they should use her blood or nobody's and it happened to be okay . . . if he died she said she might as well die, too . . . it was beautiful to see how that pale little thing begged to be let go through with it instead of some stranger, and considering that she had nursed him alone for weeks——"

Love. Love. That was it. The world was a vast fraternity of which Prue was not a member. And she longed in that hidden passion of her young soul which chafed against the sordid walls of her life, to know what one did to become eligible, even while she shrank from anything that might feed her mad desire to love.

Going home from the studio Prue was aware of the throbbing bond between June and Youth. In the sky, over the new five and ten cent store, was etched, a platinum moon, a fragile thing as yet but filled with a heavy promise.

Prudence Braslow sighed. She had no date for the coming night. True, Mawliss had asked her to go out to Crystal Park but Mawliss had no car and his idea of a good time in the glittering pleasure park was to listen to the band, have a walk and a soda and a bus home. Prue had cheerfully lied to him and said she had a date. She did not know what she wanted on such a night, but she was throbbingly aware that it was distinctly not John Mawliss!

The Braslows lived in a three-story frame house that had not been young in the nineties. A pale fence divided it on one side from its neighbor's scraggly garden and an iron fence divided it on the other from the I X L Garage, All Night Service.

As Prue pulled back the patched screen door that led into the long, narrow hall from the square porch, the tinkle of the telephone woke her from her lethargy as effectively as the kiss of the prince awakened the sleeping beauty. Prue felt that the telephone was one of the greatest forces in the world, even though it had never yet done much for her. It stood for Experience, Adventure, Opportunity. But in Prue's heart these words meant Love, Romance and a Chance.

The voice of her old friend, Nancy Parks, married three years and living in one of the new stucco bungalows in the recent real estate development at the end of the nearest bus line, spoke to her.

"Prue darling, come and eat dinner with me. Jim is away and I'm sunk. Bring your nightie. I've got some of the seafood from that new Italian place. Grab the six o'clock bus, honey."

Prue did not refuse. It was not especially gay, going out to Nancy's, but she went now and then when Jim could bring her home. With Jim away it would be deadly, but there was nothing else to do. And so she went, as she probably had been destined to do since the beginning of time, if such things be.

CHAPTER III.

Caught.

NANCY was running out on the porch of her little home, which was set like a playhouse that might have no inhabitants, smack in the middle of a tiny green grass plot, guiltless of trees or any identifying mark. She was honestly glad to see her friend. Pretty as a picture in a plump, dimpled fashion, that would require strict dieting to preserve, Mrs. Parks embraced Prue before the eyes of young householders, who were returning from business, watering lawns or mowing grass.

"You angel, I'm so glad you've come!" she cried. "I've got the beleguard meal for the hot night! Bring your nightie?"

Prue nodded amusedly. She had never seen Nancy so excited.

"Anyone might think you were going to have a party instead of just me," she smiled, and Nancy looked pathetic.

"Heaven knows I've got a fat chance to have parties with Jim on the road all the time!" she sighed, and led the way into her cool little living room. "I'll soon be ready with supper. I'll get the stuff out of the refrigerator. Crab salad and celery and rolls and tomatoes and cheese. The potato chips are in the oven and I've iced tea and pastry."

"Delicious!" sighed Prue and flung her little jade green hat at the couch, stretching her young arms above her rumpled head and taking in with lazy delight the reflection of herself in a narrow glass near the door.

The little table in the blue dining room was very attractive to Prue after she assisted Nancy to set the meal upon it. She looked about at the wedding gifts with a small breath of pathos. Even this was life!

"But I envy you," said Prue wistfully. "You must be very happy, Nancy."

"Must I?" asked Nancy with a tragic sigh that ended in a tinkling laugh.

The platinum promise of a moon had certainly gone to Prue's head. She could not imagine stolid Jim Parks making any woman very happy, any more than she could imagine John Mawliss doing it. Nor was the Parks' bungalow her idea of a stage setting for Love's Young Dream, but as she looked across that little table at Nancy, upon that June night, it seemed to be.

"Oh, Jim is all right, shrugged Nancy after a short pause. "But the perfume does get rubbed off the rose after three years of him. Your roses are still to be picked, Prue, though if you don't hurry they may be Autumn leaves."

"Oh," said Prue indifferently, "I am only twenty."

"But perhaps you are wise at that," nodded Nancy, with a glance out the window. "Keep hold of your belief while you can. This way you are always looking forward to something. There goes Mary Dixon driving her foreign car like there never was a traffic cop! If you moved in that set, Prue, you wouldn't have many illusions left. I hear her latest was a pajama breakfast at Nairne Manderson's. She gave a scandalous dance last night, too. I heard all the details."

"Well, I don't see how you did that soon," said Prue. "You always have the latest about that crowd. Indeed, you are usually a day ahead of the Gazette and I never can understand it. I cannot understand your interest in them, Nancy. They have no morals and they acknowledge no laws."

"Well, if you had been born in that bunch you would have been famous by now from coast to coast," said Nancy good naturedly.

"Infamous, you mean!" Prue curled her lip. "Being born in that bunch or being thrown with them would never have made me any different. I am not in any way like those girls, thank Heaven."

"You had better thank number 104 Huntington Street where you were so fortunately born and raised!" giggled Nancy. "Rubbish, Prue. Birth and too much money and idleness is what ails the rich young set of our town, and it would have ailed you if you hadn't been born where you were."

"But being myself I could never have been a Mary or a Nairne or a Dulce Carman," said Prue coldly. "I could not become like them under any conditions."

"You've got me all mixed up now," complained Nancy. "But I don't agree with you."

As she spoke the penetrating musical blast of an automobile horn sounded just outside the open window of the little dining room. It was an imperious horn and one knew instantly that it announced the arrival of something expensive.

Nancy rose and flattened her pretty nose against the screen.

"Why, it's Adgie Blair and Ruhe Worrow!" she cried. "They've come to see Jim! Will you mind if I let them in? They are used to coming in when Jim is around."

Prue had risen also. She was looking over Nancy's shoulder at two young men who were seated in the front seat of a handsome blue sports roadster.

"Won't it be strange to let them in where there are only two women?" she frowned.

"Don't be mid-Victorian!" laughed Nancy. "Jim and I know these men well."

As she spoke one of the young men in the car lifted a bottle in the air and waved it at Nancy.

"I've got the key that unlocks any inhospitable door!" he called. "Let us in, Nancy! It has never been Jim who brought us here, anyhow. Now you have the dirty truth."

Nancy laughed and flushed.

"Oh, well, come up if you like," she called, and meeting Prue's astonished eyes she frowned.

"Don't stand there looking like a nursery governess," she snapped. "No wonder you never have any fun."

Prue did not even pay the advancing gentlemen the compliment of powdering her pretty nose. She sat very erect on the edge of a chair when Nancy admitted them, for she fancied she saw a plot in the entire affair.

"You're a lovely lady," Mr. Blair told her when he was introduced, "but if you'd smile you'd be a lot lovelier."

(Continued on Page 18)

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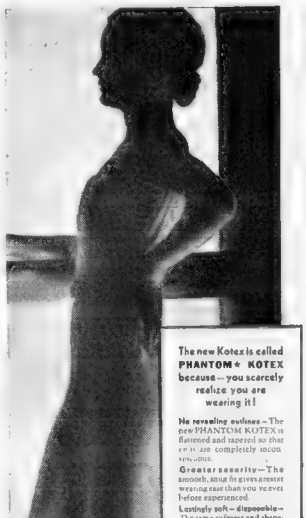

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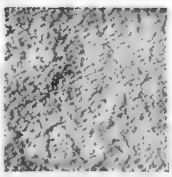
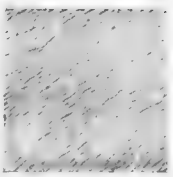


No. 2 her skin with a heavy, thick powder



No. 3 her skin with famed Djer-Kiss marvelously smooth and fine, and even

"Powder Lack Spells Loveliness for more women than any one other evil of which I know. By powder fault I mean two things: first, the rough, coarse look of inferior powders (which make the skin itself rough in time); and, second, powders which, by attracting oil, shine and streak with every motion, ruin the effect of lipstick."

—A NATIONALLY KNOWN WOMEN'S EDITOR, who has given beauty counsel to 21 million women during the past ten years

It doesn't pay any woman to take her face-powder "for granted." Scientific studies just completed show that: **1)** *Your face-powder has more to do with how you look than any other aid you use!* **2)** *Not one woman in ten fully realizes the tremendous differences in face-powders—and how these differences add, or subtract, years from her appearance!*

HERE is a picture of one of America's loveliest models—a young woman who possesses gorgeous skin.

And here, also, are photomicrographs of her skin—*using three different, widely-popular powders.*

No. 1 is a coarse, starchy powder—of the kind which so often becomes pasty and clogs the pores. Not pretty, is it?

No. 2 is a heavy powder, thick-coating. See how blotchy it makes that flawless skin.

Both of these powders feel fine, and look fine in the box. But compare their effect with that of the third powder shown

That third powder is the justly-famed Djer-Kiss—aristocrat of the real French powders. See how beautifully smooth it is, how fine, despite the powerful magnification!

* * *

Further microscopic studies of *ten* powders, magnified 470 times, show that Djer-Kiss is infinitely the finest-textured, and smoothest of them all. These powders are widely-known brands, purchased at retail for the test. If you'll send the coupon below, the ten photomicrographs will be sent for your examination (space is lacking to show them here).

Clearly you can't avoid the unpleasant look known as "powder-face" if your powder is coarse. It spoils the most charming face. And, in time, actually spoils the skin itself! One who uses Djer-Kiss is never "powder-faced."

This exquisite powder is made of purest, costliest materials only. It *will not* clog pores; *will not* irritate the most sensitive skin.

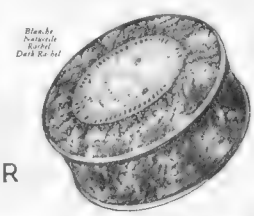
Its marvelously clinging allurement comes from super-*super*-fineness of texture. Every particle must be fine enough to float on air. That's why it goes on so evenly, so smoothly, and lends to skin that fresh, youthful loveliness.

And perfect color-accuracy, perfect clearness in each smart tint, ends any danger of ugly little color-clashes between your rogue, or lipstick, and your face powder

* * *

No matter how much you pay for face-powder you cannot buy anything better than Djer-Kiss. Millions of America's loveliest women know this.

Find out for yourself. Even if you *have* a supply of powder; get some Djer-Kiss, to-day, at your favorite store. Four smart, correct tints; in sizes at 60c and $1.00. *See what it does*



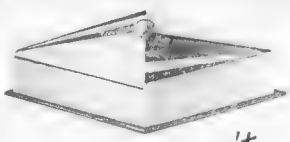
Blended Naturelle Rachel Dark Rachel

Most women *do* realize the direct relationship between loveliness and happiness. But *too few* realize how face-powder *governs* youthful appearance. That's why this information is so valuable. Just use it—and see!

(© 1931, V. S. Corp.)

KERKOFF, PARIS

FACE POWDER



DJER KISS Jour-et-Nuit

DAY AND NIGHT

(say "zhoor-ay-nwee")

FAIR MEDIUM BRUNETTE

Your two correct, compensating tints in one smart package $1

AND *NOW* SCIENCE GIVES YOU NEW COLOR-PERFECTION

to subtract years from faces

This startling development makes famed beauty editors who see it, first gasp, then exclaim, "But this is sensational! Amazing! Why it solves 90% of the complexion questions women ask me!"

It takes five years away from the average woman's face. A new principle that is simple but of greatest importance!

Here are the facts:

No. 1: Incorrect color in face powder—not rogue, or lipstick!—is the greatest age-adder any woman can put on her face.

No. 2: A powder of correct color to bring out your full beauty in daylight, will make you look five years older the minute the sun goes down. Or the correct color for *after*-daylight will age you five years if you use it *during* daylight

No. 3: All colors and tints change when sun-light goes. Look at any flower, any fabric, any color: by daylight; during dusk, under any artificial light

This cannot be corrected by merely using more color at night—or so-called "richer make-up." You must have the correct color of face-powder for your complexion type for all daylight hours (between sunrise and sunset). Then you must have a different, but equally correct color for dusk, and the hours of artificial light! Otherwise you deliberately add from five years up, to your age

This is what Djer-Kiss now gives you. . . . For every type of complexion, from the lightest to the darkest. . . . The correct compensating tints, for your type one for daylight, one for after-daylight, both in one box. The most strikingly attractive tints you have ever had—because these are scientifically color-correct, and lovely.

It is the new Djer-Kiss *Jour-et-Nuit* (say "zhoor-ay-nwee" day and night) ensemble. Correct, compensating colors to give you the utmost in fresh, youthful radiance—always. And the exquisite quality, the strangely lasting daintiness, for which Djer-Kiss is most famed

Today, at any good store, secure Day-and-Night Djer-Kiss—*Jour-et-Nuit*. It is $1—both tints in *one* novel box.

Even if you ordinarily pay $5—and have powders specially blended—you have never had anything like this

You can prove that to yourself in one minute. Simply compare your appearance first using your accustomed powder, and then using the correct compensating tint. You will see apparent years of age removed instantly! It is unbelievable . . . *until you try it*

Don't be content with partial loveliness or with part-time loveliness. This vividly natural, new powder enables you to appear at your very best and freshest, *every waking hour!* Why not begin *today*?

PRIZE-WINNING BEAUTY IDEAS OFFERED FREE (*Send Coupon*)

Supervised by a national beauty-editor 36 pages of the most reliable and helpful beauty secrets known to modern knowledge. One chapter, alone, is worth many dollars to any girl or woman: "Color—your subtlest beauty-weapon" . . . with helpful illustrations and color charts. This interesting book was originally prepared to sell for 5 . . . a copy, but we have added a few pages of information about Djer-Kiss products and now offer it free, to any girl or woman who will clip and mail this coupon

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Please send me free a copy of your book "The Best of Modern Knowledge Used by Beauty Arts"

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DESIRE

By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 16)

"Prue is shocked," giggled Nancy. "She thinks it's not proper for you men to come in here when Jim is away."

As she spoke she crossed to the buffet and produced glasses for the liquor the men had brought in. Prue heard her ask Worrow if he wanted ginger ale. Then she saw Worrow take Nancy to the kitchen, and heard the cracking of ice, the clatter of glasses, accompanied by a popping sound, emerged from the rear regions of the bungalow.

"So you don't approve of this," laughed Adgie Blair. "I thought there were not many of you left. Your delightful species is, happily, almost extinct, Miss Bristow."

"It would seem so," flared Prue. "Nancy, I'm shocked, and you have a wife. What are you doing in Jim Parks' room?"

"Now comic, how did you know about Dalla-?" gried Mr Blair. "The only time I can keep her quiet is when she isn't present, as a rule."

"I know who you are," said Prue. "I've read of you and then I read to be quiet."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Mr Blair. "We don't like to be mean, do we? Put finger nails like a cat."

Nancy and Worrow was returning from the kitchen. Worrow carrying cut glass tray laden with four drinking glasses and the bottle of ginger ale he had brought with him.

Prue regarded Nancy with growing amazement. Nancy touched with disgust. She inclined to cut and run. The business past the hour of seven 20 minutes. But she was ashamed to do that. Inside her a little voice taunted. "You have no nerve. You want new experiences, all sorts of things. And now you are afraid!"

Adgie Blair ran his finger down her arm. He was offering her one of the clinking glasses.

"Drink to Jim?" he asked. "Surely you can drink to poor Jim, so far, far away."

"One glass of the worst kill you, Prue," said Nancy. "It's mostly ginger ale."

Blair smacked his lips.

"Then that is a fine new drink," he nodded. "Mostly Ginger Ale! Get that patented, Rube."

"Adgie, you are not yourself," said Nancy severely. "How dare you bring him in here like this, Rube?"

"He's been like this all day," said Rube sadly. "We had a great old party last night and another at noon. I thought the shower at the club would clear him, but Adgie has no ordinary bean. I guess coming in here out of the air ruined him."

Adgie sat looking sorrowfully at Prue's untouched glass. He reached for the bowl of mixed fruit in the center of the table and proferred it to her on bended knee.

"Pretty lady won't smile or drink," he mourned. "Has an apple? Has a peach? Has a banana?"

Prue turned from him in disgust. She was watching Nancy and a dreadful suspicion was becoming certainty. Nancy Parks had known those two men were coming. She had known it when she telephoned to him to come and stay all night. That explained the excitement she had conveyed to Nancy even as she reached her door. It was a plan a trap! She had been lured there to make a fourth at an orgy that was to end only Heaven knew how! Her head ached and she gazed at Nancy and told her things will be Nancy planned.

She could go home. She could go home at once, but she could not do that now. She still had the small suitcase in her hand. Nancy said she

Nancy, I am going," she said with a dignity that was lost on the other women who were busy with their little glasses of ginger ale, where she had flung it when she arrived.

Had that new little bungalow ever seemed a place to be born in? She could have laughed.

Nancy had followed her, flushed, pleading, not at all herself.

"Prue, don't leave me alone!" she begged. "I'm afraid of Adgie. I'll do anything. Please don't go. Just pretend you are staying and then after a while—"

But Prue took a step toward the door. Nancy's tears [illegible] Prue's hand. She [illegible] the girl but she could not help it. She still had the small suitcase in her hand. She said nothing.

"Nancy, you're crazy," said Rube with a quick look at Prue. "Let the poor girl go home. Can't you see how she feels?"

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"Nancy, you're crazy," said Rube with a quick look at Prue. "Let the poor girl go home. Can't you see how she feels?"

"You arranged this party and you do seem to be left out. All of you more or less," said Prue.

"I thought we'd have a good time," sobbed Nancy. "You was my dear do. These men are exclusive. You know who they are. And I can't just sit and mope. Jim was his friend, right?"

"Now you will have to help me get rid of them," said Prue with tight lips. "And you've had far much to drink, Nancy. You let that stuff alone. If you know how you look you'll never touch it again."

As Prue glanced about, however, her soul ached for all the new little wedding gifts, the ordinary but sweet setting for happiness which the small shining bungalow offered!

CHAPTER IV.

Fate Takes a Hand.

GETTING rid of Adgie Blair and Rube Worrow was not so easy. They had come to stay a while and outside there was a moon and another bottle and a pretty car!

Could it be that they had blundered into the old ladies' home? It would seem so.

And Prue sat back, biting her pink lip, wondering about herself and feeling that this was not at all what she had longed to experience. This was stripped of all allure, was hideous, stark reality, revolting, alarming.

"Why waste golden moments on a night like this?" demanded Mr Blair at last, having reached the stage where he was so drunk that he seemed quiet.

Prue was no less afraid of [illegible] "Where will it be? The Clinging Vine has good eats, and if they want to get rabbit's ears [illegible] Little?"

Prue shuddered. To think of [illegible] such precious ears [illegible] who read that [illegible] to one hill [illegible] Worrow and [illegible] Mabel [illegible] Dorset of all outfits [illegible] when [illegible] Mabel [illegible] Crystal Park [illegible] under her [illegible] was giving her [illegible] Dorset who [illegible] believe rock [illegible] Struthers' stud and what he would have done in her place.

But Nancy was eager, bending forward in her forgetful shame [illegible] Why have pagan [illegible] impulse and [illegible] suddenly and [illegible] sense-enthralling [illegible]

And all the while Prue was [illegible] of mad impatience [illegible] Why have pagan [illegible] impulse and [illegible] suddenly and [illegible] sense-enthralling [illegible] sword? Why not powder her nose and slip her hand into Blair's and just—go along?

Why fight this? What was she afraid of? Unless they ran off a bank, she would probably survive it. But everything inside her was rebelling. She had never envied the swift society set of her home town. The very words that these men said were like the slap of a rude hand on the delicate fabric of her mind.

Vaguely Prue felt that her experience must not be of this common garden variety. It must stand out alone, a scintillating, breath-taking thing, coloring her life gloriously, leaving forever an exquisite afterglow.

"Once and for all, Nancy, I am not going to the Clinging Vine with you tonight, and that's that," she said clearly and firmly.

"Oh, Prue, for Heaven's sake!" begged Nancy, pathetically.

"She thinks we are not ourselves, Adgie," grinned Worrow. "But she ought to see Art Pipping sometimes."

Mr. Blair was regarding Prue's angry face thoughtfully.

"It is too bad," he said sadly. "A lit' girl with such a lovely face and a soul that's dead! Miss Prue, if you get us into the good old night air we will be ourselves in a jiffy. But don't be afraid Rube can't drive a car unless he's drunk."

"Don't tell her to give us the air, you boob," hissed Rube.

"I've got a new phone in the car and I'm no [illegible] playing it," offered Adgie hastily.

"Please, Prue," Prue gently as though [illegible] a couple of [illegible] by will power alone, "do go home. Neither of you is responsible and Nancy should be ashamed of herself."

"I'll admit that 'Mostly Ginger Ale' was some lil' ole drink," said Adgie.

Prue shrugged desperately and turned back to the living room. She did not know what to do. If she called up Struthers or Mawliss she could never look at them again, and her family was even then asleep in bed. Annie was out with her boy friend, Lem Yarrow, and Helen was at the hospital. She might walk out, of course, and leave Nancy. But Nancy was her friend and she was not herself. She felt that crude Jim Parks was getting a raw deal. To [illegible] wedding presents almost piled with her. But that had been a happy thought about the air. Perhaps if they did go outside those men would come to their senses. The close perfumed air of the little bungalow was stifling.

Nancy ran after Prue and caught her arm, swaying, her pretty face wearing a silly smile.

"Prue, don't leave me!" she begged. "A ride will clear my head and fix me up. I never could drink anything. But out in the fresh air—oh, Prue, come on honey, if you only would—"

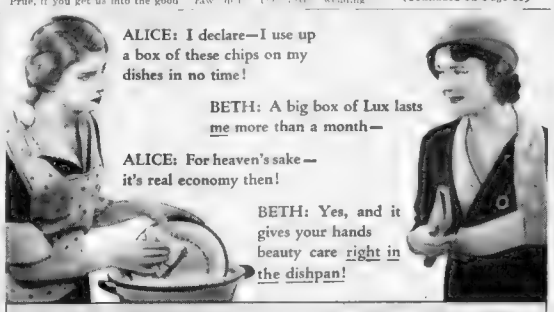
Prue flung her disgusted glance about her distraught friend. She had no longer any respect for Nancy, but there seemed to be left just a bit of duty.

"All right," said Prue, surrendering, "all right."

They went.

The white road ahead. The white moon overhead. Prue in the rumble seat of the roadster with Adgie Blair and his unholy saxophone. Nancy in the front seat with Rube, who drove at a reckless pace and with the devil's own luck.

(Continued on Page 22)



ALICE: I declare—I use up a box of these chips on my dishes in no time!

BETH: A big box of Lux lasts me more than a month—

ALICE: For heaven's sake—it's real economy then!

BETH: Yes, and it gives your hands beauty care right in the dishpan!

LUX for dishes *Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day*

How they feel What they say

about this unpleasant business of underarm odor

the society woman

"The tell-tale trace of perspiration odor on her person has cheated many an otherwise charming woman out of social success. What a pity—when daintiness is so easy to attain, with Mum!"

the college girl

"Certainly, underarm odor is cause for black balling. We girls all play safe by using Mum. It's the quickest, easiest way and lasts all day. We put on Mum, slip into a dress and off to class."

the home woman

"You never can tell who will drop in and surprise you on a busy morning, so I just use Mum when I dress. I like it because it is soothing to my sensitive skin."

the business woman

"Underarm odor has lost many an efficient woman a good job. I take no chances. I use Mum every morning. It's quick, harmless to clothing and I can use it right after shaving."

the sportswoman

"Goodness knows, I'd be safe from perspiration odor if bathing could do it. I like Mum because it destroys odor without in any way interfering with perspiration. I keep Mum in my locker."

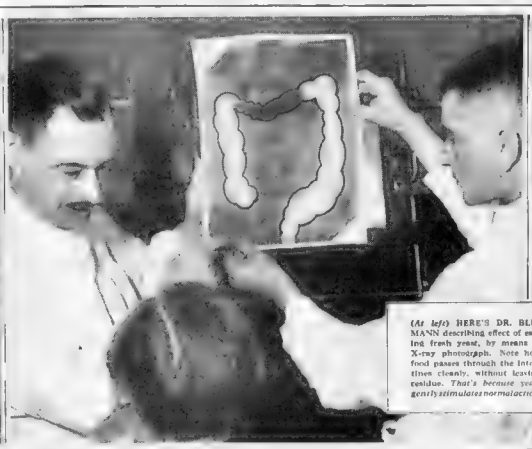
MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

AND THEY ALL SAY, "What we would ever do without Mum as a deodorant for sanitary napkins, we don't know. It's perfect for this." Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

Don't Suffer from Constipation • *It's So Easily Corrected, Doctors Find* • *With Fresh Yeast!*

SICK, DEPRESSED. Constipation a daily trouble. Such cases are so often needless, physicians say!



(*At left*) HERE'S DR. BLUMANN describing effect of eating fresh yeast, by means of X-ray photograph. Note how food passes through the intestines cleanly, without leaving residue. *That's because yeast gently stimulates normal action*

DR. ERNST L. BLUMANN, head of the celebrated Buelow Hospital, in Berlin, Germany, says: "I always prescribe fresh yeast for constipation." Read his own description below of a very typical case.

TRY YEAST* YOURSELF! Three cakes a day will "tone up" intestines, bring blessed relief!

"Her CONSTIPATION *was completely Relieved*"

Famous Berlin physician tells results of fresh yeast treatment in a typical case. *Read how this remarkable food can help YOU*

THINK of going over a great doctor's case records with him! Of listening as he tells you in his own words how he has helped hundreds of men and women to escape from one tormenting physical ill . . . *Constipation.*

For instance Here's a case from the thousands recorded by the celebrated Dr. Ernst Blumann, of Berlin, Germany:—

. . . "Mrs B 38, *married, chronic abdominal complaint, disturbed digestion, constipation. Patient very sick, depressed and bad-tempered. Had to take daily some strong cathartic to obtain movement.*"

Dr. Blumann says: "I started treatment with yeast. Patient reported almost normal elimination within a few days . . . After about six weeks she acknowledged being in better health than she had been for years. *Her constipation was completely relieved.*"

* * *

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION—Doctors say women are especially subject to this trouble. And it can have extremely grave results.

When intestines become sluggish, food wastes collect, putrefy. Poisons form and filter into the blood. Headaches result, and as time goes on, decreased vitality, poor circulation, bad breath, bad complexion, coated tongue.

For over 75 years medical men have relied, in such cases, on the remarkable corrective properties of fresh yeast.

A food, yeast is harmless. Where drugs and cathartics tear down, yeast builds up. It actually strengthens intestinal muscles . . . stimulates normal action. At the same time it softens the clogging intestinal wastes.

And as it "tones" and cleanses the system, headaches occur less often, disappear. Your energy picks up—you tire much less quickly. Digestive troubles, skin troubles, dizziness, backaches, colds vanish when elimination becomes regular!

* * *

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at all grocers, and at restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

Each cake, you know, is rich in vitamins B and G, and the "sunshine" vitamin D. Won't you try it?

*IMPORTANT—*Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. Ask for it by name!*

Not a "Cure-all"..Fleischmann's Yeast is a health food thousands eat —3 *cakes a day*

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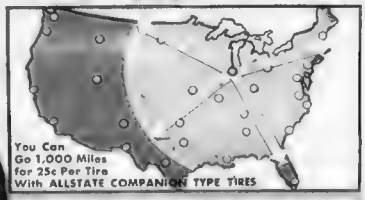
CLAIMS give way to FACTS in 2,000,000 TIRE MILE TEST

ALLSTATE COMPANION TYPE TRIUMPHS IN SEARCHING TEST



ALLSTATE COMPANION TYPE

3.49 EACH WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS

29x4.40-21

SIZE Tire . . . . Rim	TIRES Each	TIRES Per Pair	TUBES Each
6-PLY BALLOONS (Includes 2 Cord Plies Technically Known as Breaker Strips)			
29x4.40—21	$3.59	$ 6.98	$0.80
29x4.50—20	3.89	7.58	.93
30x4.50—21	3.95	7.66	.80
28x4.75—19	4.63	9.00	.81
29x4.75—20	4.70	9.14	.93
29x5.00—19	4.85	9.44	.91
30x5.00—20	4.95	9.60	1.04
31x5.00—21	5.15	9.96	1.15
28x5.25—18	5.55	10.78	1.01
30x5.25—20	5.85	11.36	1.04
31x5.25—21	5.98	11.64	1.15
28x5.50—18	6.10	11.88	1.27
29x5.50—19	6.25	12.14	1.31
8-PLY BALLOONS (Includes 2 Cord Plies Technically Known as Breaker Strips)			
30x5.77—21	$8.09	$15.78	$1.40
30x6.00—18	7.76	15.10	1.27
31x6.00—19	7.87	15.34	1.31
32x6.00—20	8.09	15.78	1.40
33x6.00—21	8.37	16.30	1.40

Above Inner Tubes are ALLSTATE Perfect Circle Gray

The stillness of the Ohio night—the immemorial hush of the Arizona desert disturbed by the roar of swift moving cars—darkness shattered by headlights—eyes glued to the road ahead. Rain, hail, sleet, snow, sunshine. Darkness flying before the dawn—dawn merging into darkness. Tired men releasing the wheels to relief drivers. Then off again—uphill and down—around and around—over a road that had no ending—which circled the world twenty times.

Two million tire miles were driven under actual road conditions and complete chemical and physical analyses were made in an independent laboratory, involving 251 sizes and makes of tires, including all of the leading brands and the famous ALLSTATE COMPANION TYPE tire.

Conducting these tests was Prof. Phil C. Huntly of Armour Institute of Technology. A truth seeking scientist searching impartially for the truth about tires.

The scientifically hard-boiled road test revealed that:

THE ALLSTATE COMPANION TYPE TIRE WAS EQUAL TO OR BETTER IN QUALITY THAN ANY TIRE OF SIMILAR CONSTRUCTION AS ILLUSTRATED AND 26% CHEAPER IN PRICE.

A pitiless road test like this calls every tire to its day of judgment. Acts as a scientific, searching revelation. Reveals the whole truth. Exposes errors. Lays bare defects. Strips off the mask. Shows what a tire actually is—not what it appears to be.

And now with the new reductions in prices, the ALLSTATE COMPANION TYPE tire which proved itself in the fiery crucible of this searching test as equal to or better than any tire of similar construction comes to you at a price so low that you can ride one of them a thousand miles for twenty-five cents.

Buy ALLSTATE COMPANION TYPE tires tomorrow. Get this all test tire for greater mileage, greater safety, incomparably greater savings, and with assurance of performance made doubly sure by Sears unlimited guarantee.

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LOWELL 146 Central St
LYNN 39 Market St.
MALDEN 525 Main St
MATTAPAN 1612 Blue Hill Ave
NORTHAMPTON 50 Main St
NORWOOD 602 Washington St
PITTSFIELD 441 North St
QUINCY 1183 Hancock St
SALEM 118-20 Washington St
SPRINGFIELD 211 Worthington St
TAUNTON 8 Broadway
WALTHAM 713 Main St
WESTFIELD 44 Main St
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Instantly, Effectively, Safely

"I loved your hair the first time this morning and found it much better than anything I have used before. It is perfectly natural and cannot be detected from the natural color"
Mrs. E. A. Olsen

Test Bottle 10¢ Only

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MERCOLIZED WAX

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax melts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away sallow, discolored freckles, tan and pimples. Directions: Before retiring smear Mercolized Wax all over face, like cold cream, and wash off next morning with warm water. Your complexion will look young, fresh and beautiful.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs—gently dissolves one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific art, hygiene and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE [illegible] which Henry Callater [illegible] [illegible] a young swindler [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 20)

penses, including the maintenance of yourselves, for the period of work—while in the event of success I should immediately pay out the hundred thousand dollars promised by Callater, and myself look to Callater for subsequent reimbursement.

"Of the hundred thousand dollars, it was agreed that one-half should go to the man who was willing to face imprisonment—in this case, Evans. At his request, I have bought him an annuity in a leading insurance company. This afternoon, in the confident belief that our efforts would be crowned with success, I drew fifty thousand dollars from the bank. As Captain Shallett has made painfully clear, we have been cheated of success by my unhappy bungling."

He laughed with the deprecatory laugh of a grand seigneur in a melodrama.

"I trust, gentlemen, you will not deny me the privilege of paying for my blunders," Winterbourne croaked. He hobbled nimbly to his desk and opened a drawer. "Captain Shallett, each of these four packets contains twenty-five bank notes of five hundred dollars each—twelve thousand five hundred dollars. Be good enough to take one yourself and hand one to each of these gentlemen."

A gasp of astonishment broke from three of them.

"Chief, I kinda reckon I said more than I meant just now. I call this real handsome and I don't care who hears me say it."

"Chief, you won't 'alf be out o' pocket over this little deal. Seems a shame to take the pay, don't it?"

Eddis, alone, was unmoved and received his packet from Shallett with a nod.

Rawson mumbled his gratitude. Eddis remained silent. He was too overcome with fatigue to share their excitement.

"Guess you'll know where to find us when you want us, Chief."

Winterbourne bowed. In a long life he had learned the value of gestures such as this—had learned that to throw away money was nearly always a very profitable investment.

"Good-night, gentlemen," he said and dismissed them from his thoughts.

Outside the house they all got into the car. Eddis drove into Theobald's Road, then suddenly braked down and switched off the engine.

"How did you fellows get along?" he asked Tyler who was sitting next to him.

"Easy as winking! We turned left through the village, bussed along for a couple of miles, then dumped the limousine, got in the touring car and took our masks off. Got into Exeter in time to catch the express—with 'arf an hour to spare."

"Hm! An express from Exeter would beat a car!" said Eddis. "Did you go straight to Winterbourne?"

"Made a blinkin' bee-line for 'im," said Tyler.

"And was he there?"

"Waitin' for us."

"Say, George, what's the big idea?" asked Shallett, leaning forward. "You can't put it over that the Chief killed Callater?"

"I thought of that," Rawson rapped out. "You can wash it out. What about the fifty thousand he has just dished out to us? That proves—"

"That proves that he has no intention of double-crossing us," interrupted Eddis and added: "Precisely!"

He ended the conversation by starting the engine.

CHAPTER VII.

Jabez Winterbourne Faints.

BEFORE his late helpers were out of the house Winterbourne went to the telephone and gave a number to the exchange.

"This is Winterbourne," he was saying a minute later. "You are awake, my dear Halsey. I fear you are losing sleep over the Callater affair."

"You are not far wrong," answered the voice of the high official who was speaking. "Have you heard of anything?"

"By an odd coincidence I have heard something," answered Winterbourne. "If you have a good man on night duty at Scotland Yard you had better telephone him and send him along to me now."

Winterbourne replaced the receiver without waiting for an answer, since he knew what the answer would be. His reputation in high official circles was untouched by the faintest breath of rumor.

He went downstairs, crossed the huge hall into the dining room which, like the rest of the vast house, with the exception of his office, was littered with art treasures. To Winterbourne a house was a storehouse in which one happened to live. Nowhere was there any scheme of decoration. In the dining room the table was from medieval Venice, the sideboard was of Flemish origin, the room itself was a hotch-potch of periods. There were pictures, there were vases, there were odd pieces of furniture, most of them uninteresting to the inexpert eye, that would have brought buyers from all over the world had they been for sale.

He sat in a chair that had been the throne of an Austrian prince and waited some twenty minutes until Detective Inspector Orton was announced.

Orton was rather young for a detective inspector, a good sign in a service where promotion by influence is unknown. He was a pleasing, modest young man who had the natural advantage of not looking a bit like a detective.

"Ah! How do you do! Do you know anything about vases?" Winterbourne greeted him.

"I can't say I do, sir."

"A pity! A great pity! Perhaps you would be good enough to hand me that Roman vase on the shelf at which I am pointing ...No, the Roman vase. Ah, I forgot. I had better say the third vase from the right. That is the one. Thank you."

Winterbourne took the vase and set it on the Moorish table.

"Please sit down...Sit so that you can see this vase...Now, this as I have said, is Roman. It is not of the best period, but it has a special interest for you. It was brought to me last year by an ex-convict who found it on Dartmoor in the course of a holiday ramble amid the scenes of his former servitude."

Orton nodded politely.

"This rather commonplace Roman vase," continued Winterbourne prosily, "was accidentally thrown up by some workmen who were engaged in digging operations at a point on the Moor that is within a couple of hundred yards or so of where Callater disappeared today. I am sure of my facts. I know the Moor as well as you know Piccadilly."

Orton contrived to avoid looking startled.

"That is certainly a remarkable coincidence, Mr. Winterbourne."

"It is only remarkable if it is not a coincidence," rasped Winterbourne. "I told Sir William Halsey I was willing to take you—at once—to the spot where Callater is probably at this moment asleep, waiting until the hue and cry has died down. I have other reasons for this belief with which I will not trouble you. I will risk a waste of my time if you will do the same."

"Of course, sir! But—"

"Very well!" interrupted Winterbourne, touching a bell-push. "We can discuss the matter in detail on the journey." The butler came in. "The car, Marples, the car."

Four hours later they were running into Tavistock. It was only the fact that they had covered two hundred odd miles that told Orton they had been driving at high speed.

The car itself was a surprise. It was a very long body mounted on the most expensive chassis in the world. It was not the luxury of the interior that impressed him, but its comfort and efficiency. It was no more luxurious than a small smoking room that could be turned into a dining room or an office at will.

Winterbourne spoke through a telephone to the chauffeur.

"Over the bridge and on to the Moor—the Princetown Road. When you get to the top of the hill, slow down to fifteen miles an hour."

It was a red dawn, presaging bad weather. A pale mist, seen as deepest violet, crowned the distant trees.

"We're getting very near," said Winterbourne. "I shall stop him when we draw level with that plantation."

Orton got out first and would have helped the old man but was waved aside.

"In another twenty years, young man, I shall be thankful for your arm...We want to get into that hollow. Go as fast as you like. You won't find me far behind."

To the detective this was a pardonable display of senile vanity. Winterbourne was babbling details of his fictitious story of the vase.

"It was somewhere here," announced Winterbourne. "Within fifty yards of where we are standing. Just trot around, my dear fellow, and see if you can find an iron trap. Try that clump of furze over there."

The detective walked ahead and a moment later shouted: "There is a trap here. A reservoir, I think."

"And where is the stream that feeds it?" demanded Winterbourne as he faced him over the trap. "Nowhere, my dear sir, nowhere. Try raising that lid. And if you carry a revolver you had better have it in readiness."

The detective shook his head and bent and lifted the iron trap.

He looked from the ball valve to Winterbourne as if to suggest the futility of their journey.

"Press down that ball," advised Winterbourne and the detective did so. "Do you hear water running?"

"I can hear nothing."

(Continued on Page 22)

JUST SEND US A SNAPSHOT OF A SMILE

—any bright smiling face—your own—the baby's—the barber's. Take it with any camera—on any film—any size—a little box camera snapshot will do. No writing just go smile hunting.

HOW YOU Can Win a $260.00 HOME MOVIE OUTFIT with a *Smile*

Smile America Smile

THREE $260.00 COMPLETE HOME MOVIE OUTFITS

Awarded each week as major prizes for the three *best* smile pictures submitted—These outfits include the famous CINE-ANSCO Motion Picture Camera, AGFA ANSCO Projector and 100 feet of Agfa film—one of the finest home movie outfits made today—will provide years of enjoyment for the whole family.

TWENTY—$20.00 AGFA ANSCO MEMO-CAMERAS (including a roll of 50 picture film) will be awarded *each week* as Second Class Prizes for the 20 next best smile pictures submitted. Takes 50 still pictures on a 50c roll of film for album or projection.

FIFTY—$8.00 AGFA ANSCO FOLDING CAMERAS (including a roll of Agfa Plenachrome film) awarded *each week* as Third Class Prizes for the 50 next best smile pictures submitted. Takes clear, sharp pictures 2¼" x 3¼"—and is the easiest folding camera in the world to use.

THREE HUNDRED AGFA ANSCO $1.50 BOX CAMERAS (including a roll of Agfa Plenachrome film) awarded *each week* as Fourth Class Prizes for the 300 next best smile pictures submitted. Takes clear, sharp pictures 2¼" x 3¼" size.

373 WONDERFUL PRIZES TO TRY FOR *EVERY WEEK*

The entire country is playing the fascinating game of Smile Hunting. Try it on your vacation. This is one contest you will thoroughly enjoy with a good chance to win. No work—no writing—no study. Just find a bright smile—your own—the baby's—grandpa's—anyone's smile—take a snapshot of it—just a little one will do—send it in to The Iodent Company, Detroit, *together with an empty Iodent Tooth Paste carton (No. 1 or No. 2) or a handmade facsimile of either*—and perhaps you will soon be enjoying the luxury of movie shows right in your own home—every night if you want them. And what a fine chance every contestant has to win, with 373 Prizes given every week—4477 Prizes in all—worth over $25,000. The Contest is nearly half over. Notice the kind of pictures wanted. Study the prizes offered. Read the contest rules. Then find your smile and get your entry in soon.

FREE FILM

Contestants may use any camera or any film. But to all those (prize winners or not) who use Agfa film and return the Agfa guarantee bond with the picture entered, we will send a new roll of Agfa film (give size)—*absolutely free.* Agfa is the original "chrome type" film. It's faster, sharper—guaranteed to get good pictures.

Follow these Simple Rules—You may win one of the Prizes

1. Twelve complete contests will be conducted consecutively, one each week for twelve weeks, beginning May 15th and ending August 6th, 1932. All entries postmarked from 12 o'clock midnight on Sunday to 12 o'clock midnight on the following Sunday will be entered in the contest for that week. All entries postmarked after this time will be entered in the contest for the following week. No entries eligible which are postmarked after midnight August 6th, 1932.

2. Any resident of the United States or Canada is eligible, except individuals in the employ of the Iodent Company and Agfa Ansco, and their families.

3. Prizes will be awarded to contestants submitting photographs which in the opinion of the judges show the best smiles. Choose your own subjects, babies, girls or boys, women or men. The smiles alone will decide the winners. Decisions of the judges are final.

4. An unmounted picture of any smiling face shall constitute an entry. You may enter as many different pictures as you wish for any of the twelve contests.

5. *With each entry—INCLUDE AN EMPTY IODENT TOOTH PASTE CARTON (No. 1 or No. 2) or an approximate hand-drawn facsimile of either.*

6. For your convenience, entry blanks may be obtained from any drug or photographic store. An entry blank is not essential. If you cannot obtain an entry blank, print your name and address, and the name and address of your druggist or photographic dealer, on the back of each picture. You must include his name and address. Do not write on the front of the picture.

7. Mail all entries to The Iodent Company, Detroit, Michigan. No entries will be returned. All pictures are mailed at owner's risk. Do not send negatives. Do not send explanatory letters with your pictures. All prize winners agree to furnish negatives and publication releases for subjects on request, which become the exclusive property of the companies sponsoring the contest, without any additional obligations upon either the Iodent or Agfa Ansco Companies.

8. Any Agfa Ansco or other camera, and any make of film may be used in making the pictures for this contest.

SPECIAL OFFER TO ALL CONTESTANTS

Every contestant, whether they win a prize or not who takes the picture entered on Agfa film will receive a new roll of Agfa film free by returning the guarantee bond packed in each Agfa carton. (Give size.)

The size of the picture or its photographic quality will not affect your chances of winning a prize. Photographs that have been hand-colored are not eligible. Remember, you are sending in a record of what you consider is the perfect smile.

9. All persons whose smiles win major prizes for the person taking and submitting the pictures will automatically enter the national contest for the title of America's Smile Champion and a prize of a two weeks' trip (see prize listed below) or a cash prize of $500.00.

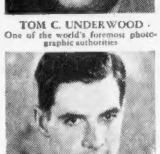
10. In the event of a tie the advertised awards will be paid to each of the tying contestants. Save these rules as you are permitted to enter each of the twelve weekly contests.

Winners will be notified and prizes and free film forwarded as rapidly as possible after the decision of the judges.

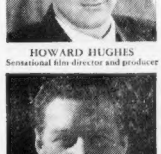
Judges of the contest are: Tom C. Underwood, one of the World's foremost photographic authorities, Howard Hughes, sensational film director and producer; and Russell Patterson, internationally famous artist.

JUDGES OF THE CONTEST

TOM C. UNDERWOOD
One of the world's foremost photographic authorities



HOWARD HUGHES
Sensational film director and producer



RUSSELL PATTERSON
Internationally famous artist

A GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE

In addition to the weekly prizes at the end of the twelve weeks contest, the judges will award a grand prize to the person who actually owns the Brightest Smile in America. Fame and Fortune are in store for that person. The prize will be a two weeks trip (all expenses paid) to Detroit (visiting the Iodent factory), to Binghamton (visiting the Agfa plant) and to New York, Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago. Or the option of a cash prize of $500.00.

GET ENTRY BLANKS FROM YOUR DRUGGIST

IODENT-Agfa

May 15—Aug. 6

$25,000 *Smile* CONTEST

WATCH For Contest Announcements each week in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY also on the IODENT RADIO PROGRAM Every Sunday over N. B. C. Coast-to-coast Red Network at 4 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time

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Has New Hair

Hair Health For You?

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"My daughter's hair would not grow," writes her father. "We thought the roots were dead. We sent for KOTALKO as a final test and bought it would be like the other things he had used without results but now I am glad to state that after using KOTALKO faithfully she has thick, wavy hair, as you'll see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible. Obviously the roots were alive."

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Please send me FREE Box of KOTALKO.

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Enough to kill hundreds of pests
MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS

TRUE STORIES of real people make this and other issues of The American Weekly of supreme interest.

Popular Beliefs That Are All Wrong

(Continued from Double Page)

snakes, like many lower animals, often retain a certain degree of life and a certain power of motion for some hours after the head has been cut off or some other fatal injury inflicted.

It is true, furthermore, that snakes and other cold-blooded creatures display much more active bodily movements when warm than when cold. Accordingly, it might easily happen that a snake, the head of which was cut off during the afternoon, would continue to move its tail or other parts of its body for several hours, until the sun sank and the severed body became cold. The motions then would cease, and careless observers might assume that the death of the snake had been delayed until after sundown.

There is much less justification for the two other snake myths—that of the hoop snake and the glass snake. The former creature is supposed to be a variety of reptile able to take its tail in its mouth and roll rapidly across the country like a hoop, for the purpose of catching up with human beings whom the snake intends to bite. So far as experts on snakes can determine, this is a pure invention. Probably it was started in frontier days as a tall yarn to impress tenderfeet.

The myth of the glass snake is that this creature is able to break apart at will, as though it were made of glass. Possibly this myth owes its origin to the real fact that there are a few kinds of lizards (although not snakes) which sometimes lose their tails if the tails are caught, for example, in a mousetrap or some similar object. The loss of the tail apparently does the lizard no harm, and a new one grows within a few weeks. It is not true that these lizards break apart at any part of the body except the tail, and even this shedding of the tail in case of emergencies is not a characteristic of the true snakes or even of all kinds of lizards.

Another nature-fake that turns up frequently in newspaper stories is that of the live toad or similar animal, alleged to have been found encased in rock and buried many feet under the surface of the ground. The idea is that these animals must have been entombed millions of years ago, when the rock was being formed, and have survived ever since in a state of suspended animation.

To this myth scientists object not only that such suspended animation is not known to be possible, but also that the specimens of toad presented as having been found in this way invariably turn out to be modern species of these animals, instead of the ancient, extinct species which they should be were the story correct. Furthermore, no actual instance of such supposed buried toads ever has stood up under careful scientific investigation.

The probable explanation of these stories is that toads and similar animals crawl into holes and cracks in exposed rock like the face of a quarry. Later on some of this more or less broken rock tumbles down or is taken out by the quarrymen, with the result that the toad is disclosed. If no one happens to have noticed the crack through which the toad entered, it is natural enough to assume that the animal was imprisoned in the solid rock.

One false idea still very common is that people who fall out of airplanes or off tall buildings are dead before they reach the ground. Sometimes the mere act of falling as fast as this is believed to be the cause of death. Sometimes the myth is that the falling person cannot breathe because of rapid movement through the air.

The simplest refutation of these ideas is that many people actually have fallen great distances and survived. One famous medical case describes an individual who fell out of a balloon nearly 2,000 feet up. His fall was unimpeded for most of the distance, after which a parachute finally opened and broke the fall sufficiently so that the victim, while terribly injured, survived. Another example is the individual who fell off a tall building onto a truck load of empty boxes, which broke the fall sufficiently so that no great harm was done.

Nowadays, also, it is known that an aviator, diving downward under full power in the airplane, as is done not infrequently in high speed airplane racing, is moving faster through the air than a person who merely falls. Nevertheless, such aviators are not injured by this rapid downward motion. So far as breathing is concerned, the average velocity of a person falling from a great height is believed to be at least 100 feet a second. This means that a fall from even the tallest building will be completed in less than 15 seconds. Also, almost anyone can hold his breath for a minute or longer, and breathlessness for as much as five minutes does no permanent harm. Accordingly, it really makes no difference whether or not the falling person can breathe during his descent.

A common idea, and a dangerous one to trust, is that some mysterious power of the human eye enables animal trainers to overawe the lions or other creatures which they control, and can be used for the same purpose by anyone suddenly confronted by such a wild beast. This is one of those beliefs very difficult to disprove by actual trial, since, if the supposed power fails, the failure may be ascribed, of course, to sudden fright or to some other lapse of the controlling intelligence on the part of the individual concerned. Experts in animal training have no patience with any such idea.

What probably occurs is that trained lions or similar animals have become accustomed to punishment from their trainers in case of misbehavior. Accordingly, such a trained animal seldom does anything which the animal realizes to be improper, and is still less likely to do anything of this kind if the trainer's eye is on the animal so that detection and punishment seem to be certain. It is not any power of the human eye which is involved, but merely the fear of punishment on the part of the animal; precisely the same motive which makes children in school behave when teachers are watching and reserve their tricks for moments when the teacher's eye is not on them.

Another false notion about senses is the idea that blind people develop much more delicate senses of touch and hearing than do people who have good sight. This was disproved many years ago by the famous expert on heredity, Sir Francis Galton, who tested the hearing and other senses of a group of boys in a British school for the blind and found these blinded individuals to have no greater acuteness of hearing or touch than similar average boys whose sight was normal. The observation has been confirmed many times since by testing the hearing or touch of other groups of blind individuals as compared with normal persons. It often happens, indeed, that the other senses of blind people are a little inferior to the senses of normal individuals, doubtless because some cases of blindness are due to general disturbances of the nervous system which affect other senses also.

What actually occurs in the case of blind persons is that these individuals learn to pay closer attention to the impulses received from other senses and to interpret these other sensations more accurately. Normal people usually pay little attention to the touch sensations from their fingers. Having no necessity to recognize different objects or persons by touch, they neglect these sensations, and never learn to understand them. Similarly, they pay little attention to the minor sounds going on all the time around them, but which have little importance for normal life.

Blind people, on the contrary, being deprived of the sight messages which normal individuals use to guide their lives, learn to pay close attention to the messages of other senses and to interpret sounds, touches and so on much more accurately than is necessary for people whose sight is all right. Experiments have proved, however, that this ability to interpret sounds or touches may be acquired without difficulty by other individuals, just as people who have good hearing may learn, if they wish, to read lips by sight as deaf people do.

Another false notion about sight is the common idea that electric light is bad for the eyes. No oculist ever has been able to prove that this is correct. The light emitted by an electric lamp is physically just the same as the same amount and color of light emitted from any other source. It is true that the light of an electric lamp is slightly more reddish in color than sunlight, but no more so than the light from kerosene lamps or many other artificial sources. There is no evidence that these slight differences in the color of the light have anything to do with the effectiveness of vision.

It is probable that the explanation of the myth of eye damage by electric light lies in the possibility of glare. It is quite true that any bright light source, if the light enters the eye directly, may interfere with proper seeing and may cause eye strain of one kind or another. To look directly at a brilliant electric lamp is undoubtedly worse than to look directly at a much less brilliant kerosene lamp, but this is merely because the electric lamp is brighter, not because it is electric. The extreme instance, of course, is the danger of looking directly at the sun.

In all cases the proper remedy is to place all kinds of artificial lamps, electric or others, so that the eye is not required to look directly at the lamp. It is important, also, to avoid reflection of bright lights into the eye, like reflections from the polished glass top of a desk. If such bright spots of illumination are avoided, and if enough light is used, it makes no difference whether the source of light is an electric lamp or something else.

One false idea, which even has been embodied in the technical term "hydrophobia," is that mad dogs or human beings afflicted with this disease of rabies shun the water, will not go near streams or ponds, and even refuse to drink this liquid. Experts in this disease deny this story completely. Mad dogs drink, they say, just as other dogs do. Rabies now is a rare disease among human beings, but there is no evidence from hospitals that the occasional victims of this disorder show the fear of water which the name of the disease suggests.

Probably the explanation of this false belief is that one symptom of the disease, especially in human beings, may be a difficulty in swallowing. The act of swallowing, furthermore, sometimes sets off one of the convulsions characteristic of rabies. In earlier days of medical science, when the nature and treatment of rabies were unknown, someone probably noticed this relation between attempting to swallow something like a drink of water and the production of a convulsion. Thus originated, no doubt, the idea that the touch or sight of water frightened the victim into convulsions. Actually, the stimulus to the convulsion is the act of swallowing or the thought of swallowing, and even this seems not to be a universal symptom of the disease.

TIPS ON CHARMING FINGERS

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Use a La Cross cuticle scissors—the fine-pointed curved blades cut evenly and smoothly.

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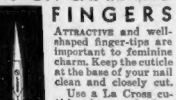
SURE DEATH TO
ANTS



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"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

DESIRE

By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 18)

Once, darting over a railroad track, clamor of warning gongs in their ears, red flare of danger signals in their eyes, the thunder of the express almost tripping up their rear tires, Prue screamed and caught the enchanted Adgie by the arm.

Adgie's saxophone had tooted and groaned merrily all through the dreadful moment, his nasal voice breaking in occasionally, and if the express had struck them Adgie would have gone happily into the next world chanting: "I says to my baby you sure got eyes, they got any dishpan stopped for size."

"Oh, the idiot!" shivered Prue. "We were almost killed then!"

"My child," said Adgie solemnly, "it is the 'almosts' of life which make it worth living!"

If Prue had had hope of the night air improving the condition of the two young men, she had long since abandoned it. What she did not understand, however, was that they were absolutely harmless, provided she could manage to get home without being killed. That, of course, might happen to her. But nothing else.

The world to Adgie and Rube was a light and lovesome place, and they were sold on playing around in it. They saw the rosy side; they grabbed the sweets; they collected laughs and distributed them. For shadows and dour things, fears and sighs they had no time. Not much good and not much harm about Adgie and Rube. Modern, full grown Peter Pans, both of them.

Nerving nut anyone like them, Prue did not understand, and she tingled with fury as the car sped along and loathed Mr. Blair with a terrible loathing when the wild pace flung her young body against his.

Nancy turned about at last and called back to them.

"We are going back. I am chaperoning Prue, boys."

"Then quit it!" advised Adgie. "You're spoiling a nice lil' girl!"

Without a protest Mr. Worrow ceased his wild flight with an ominous slide of rear tires on concrete, swung about, backed, got stuck in a fairly deep ditch so that Prue sat forward on the edge of the seat and Adgie yelled, "Now you've done it, you poor egg!" jerked the machine out of the ditch again, backed once more, swung violently around with the engine where the rear had been and was gayly off on the homeward track.

"Jim won't like you treating us like this at all, Nancy," said Adgie in a grieved tone. "Where's the lil' ole inn? Where's the food? Where's my lil' ole dance with Miss Prudent here? Where's all the fun gonta and what'll become of the night?"

It was Prue, as was to be expected, who saw the lights of that other car, who sensed that there was at its wheel just such a drunken fool as Rube Worrow, who grinned with anguish at the narrowing road and screamed a warning in that wild moment of realization before the crash.

Luck was with those two cars. What might have been a nasty accident turned out to be merely a bad spill.

Rube Worrow dragged a fainting and entirely sober Nancy from the damaged front of the machine just as a slim girl in a flimsy white coat came running down the road from the other car, a creamy roadster which lay ingloriously upon its aristocratic side in a ditch.

Adgie Blair, having decided by various tests that nothing about him was broken, still hugging the battered saxophone, peered up at this girl around the side of the rumble seat, which, with a number of other things, was on top of him.

"Hullo, Nairne! Did you run into us?" he gasped with lively disgust. "Mighta known it. Dirty rotten trick. Mighta killed us all. No funta that."

"It was Duke King," said Nairne, her exquisite face twisted with anxiety. "He drives like Satan when he's lit. Adgie, is anybody killed?"

"Nairne," said Mr. Blair as he shed the encumbering debris and got to his feet, "I've found your girl for you. You know. The girl. She's here beside me, under the mud guard. Imagine me finding her! 'En not you finding her! Lil' bit of ole Lady Luck! And that wasn't in the bargain?"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The Callater Treasure

By Roy Vickers

(Continued from Page 21)

The detective went down on both knees and examined the ball valve in greater detail. The better part of five minutes had passed before he found that he could lift the whole apparatus. He stood gaping at the iron ladder.

"An iron ladder in a reservoir!" croaked Winterbourne. "Have I brought you here for nothing, Mr. Orton?"

"It's certainly not a reservoir," said the detective and began to descend the iron ladder.

Winterbourne watched the detective's head disappear below the level of the ground. A minute passed—two minutes—three minutes. Then the head of the detective became visible.

"You were quite right, Mr. Winterbourne. Callater has been here. He shaved and changed his clothes. If you'd rather go back to the car I'll join you in ten minutes."

The head disappeared again.

Winterbourne laid his crutch on the ground. Then, with a nimbleness that a middle-aged man might have envied, he lowered himself on to the iron ladder.

When he reached the cement floor he stood steadying himself with one hand on the ladder and looked for the body of the convict.

Near his foot was a pile of clothing which, as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he recognized as prison clothing.

"See this, Mr. Winterbourne," said the detective, indicating the clothing. "He must have had someone to help him. They were in a bit of a hurry, too—the clothing was cut off him—cut down the seams."

Winterbourne paid no attention. The vulture-like head craned forward, peering round the chamber.

He made quite sure that the chamber contained no dead body and then he fainted.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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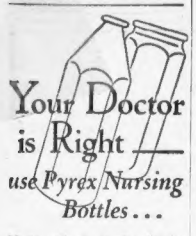

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When the College Girl Plays Hostess

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SCHOOL is ended, but friendships linger on! The girl or boy proudly returning from alma mater, whether that be prep school or college, or just the garden variety of high school, wishes to cement the schoolday ties by home entertaining. It may be a begging, "Oh, mother, do let me throw a party," or the college girl's desire for companions to share a vacation week, or son's request to entertain his room mate and fraternity brothers. June is the ideal entertainment month, with its roses, its sweet girl graduates, and a perfect backdrop for the porch party, the terrace tea, or other form of outdoor entertaining.

The wise mother permits her children to entertain and to share their home with their friends and companions. Now, where school and business meet, and where for possibly the last time the youngsters are still "children," home hospitality may be the fitting link between old ties and new.

Let the children entertain, only making the stipulation they shall share in the responsibility of preparation and service. Such a share in gracious hospitality will reveal a *different* side of personality than that known on campus or in classroom. When the girl "turns her hand" to planning and managing an affair of her own, she is getting the experience so needed for her later activities as a homemaker and charming hostess. Every girl should live up to the true meaning of "lady"—or loaf-giver — even if in modern terms the loaf be salads, sandwiches and dainty desserts.

What is an ideal menu for any outdoor supper or festive occasion? It must consist of foods which are easily served, which are shapely even when eaten informally, and which will "stay put" and be easy to eat if only one hand is used. This rules out all sloppy foods with too much gravy, those which are difficult to cut or which are so perishable that they may lose their consistency before they can be served.

Under some such definition, the ideal menu may consist of a salad of finely cut ingredients without too much dressing; a patty or pastry shell or bread case holding in place some mere creamy mixture, such as chicken, mushrooms, seafood, etc., or a frozen salad or other mixture in an individual form and of such a texture that it makes for convenient eating. To accompany this may be sandwiches of any and all types, in such case with a filling so mashed or cut that it, too, can be eaten gracefully, without tearing the sandwich apart. And last, desserts, again in individual portions, such as the shaped mold of ice cream, the home frozen refrigerator dessert, or the individual cup cake or small wafers, in preference to slices from a single large cake.

There should be contrast in flavor between the main dish and all the sandwiches. For example if a chicken salad or aspic is used, then the sandwich fillings should not be meat but lettuce, cucumber, cress, cream cheese, or jelly. Contrariwise, if the main dish be a jellied aspic, then the sandwiches should have fillings of minced ham, tongue, deviled chicken, and other hearty foods. There should be "balance" throughout even the simplest meal, as to texture, appearance, color, and flavor.

On no other occasion is "management" so evident as in serving a group party. The difference between enjoying the guests and being able to share pleasure with them and considering the whole thing a "whole lot of bother" lies in the skill of planning the affair.

After making out the menu, see that every item required is on hand or will be delivered at a specified hour. Silver, china, linen, or its paper equivalent, must be in readiness. Sandwich bread must be at least a day old. Beverages must be sufficiently iced. Fruit juices may be extracted early in the day and set to chill in the refrigerator. The meat chopper is invaluable for grinding sandwich fillings. Allow enough additional portions so that there will be no embarrassing shortage.

Think also of the possible and disastrous alternative that the same meal must be served indoors in case of unexpected rain. The writer recalls almost her most harassing hospitality experience when a group of 80 persons invited for a terrace tea had to come indoors and be served the same refreshments around the fireplace. Only quick manipulation saved the day!

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Canteloupe.	Fruit.	Raspberries.	Sliced Bananas	Fruit.	Fruit.
Goldenrod	Frizzled Dried	Green Corn	Cereal.	with Orange	Broiled	Broiled
Eggs.	Beef.	Griddle Cakes.	Coffee.	Juice.	Bacon.	Tomatoes.
Buttered	Muffins.	Bacon.	*Luncheon*	French	Creamed	Bacon.
Toast.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Cold Sliced	Omelet.	Potatoes.	Reheated
Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Tongue.	Raised	Muffins.	Rolls.
Luncheon	Emergency Soup	Turban of Fish.	Macaroni a la	Muffins.	Coffee.	Coffee.
Grilled	(Left-Overs).	Sliced Lemon.	Virginia.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Sardines.	Italian Bread	Saratoga	Shredded	*Luncheon*	Russian	Maryland
Sunshine	Sticks.	Potatoes	Lettuce	Tomato	Salad	Chicken.
Salad.	Fruit Salad.	or Noodles.	Salad.	Cocktail.	or Spaghetti	Cream
Jellied	Tea.	Mixed	Stuffed	Club	Italienne.	Gravy.
Cucumber	*Dinner*	Vegetable	Prunes.	Sandwiches.	Graham	Rice.
Relish.	*(Company)*	Salad	Tea.	Iced Tea or	Bread.	Green Peas.
Rolls.	Tomato Juice	(Left-Overs).	*Dinner*	Punch.	Stewed	Corn.
Iced Coffee.	Cocktail.	French Rolls.	Fruit Cup.	*Dinner*	Fruit.	Fritters.
Dinner	Deviled Crab	*Dinner*	Veal Cutlets.	Broiled	Date	Spiced Peach
Scalloped	Flakes.	Fricassee of	Sauce Sauce.	Fish.	Bars.	Pickles.
Ham.	Cherkins.	Lamb.	Steamed Rice.	Charlotte	Iced or	Favorite
Tomato	Green Pea	Riced Potatoes.	Buttered Lima	Potatoes.	Hot Tea.	Ice
Salad.	Tamales.	Buttered String	Beans.	Buttered	*Dinner*	Cream.
Reheated	Cream Sauce.	Beans.	Favorite Green	Asparagus.	English Bubble	Mystery
Rolls.	Red Rasberry	Stuffed Tomato	Salad.	Cucumber	and	Cake.
Apple	Shortcake with	Salad.	Chocolate	Salad.	Squeak.	*Supper*
Meringue	Whipped Cream.	Pineapple	Pudding.	Apricot	Loganberry	Sandwiches.
Pie.	Coffee.	Trifle.		Whip.	Surprise.	Buttermilk.

American Weekly Patterns

A PRETTY FROCK FOR THE JUNIOR MISS (7574). Designed in 5 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. bust measure 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches. Size 13 will require 3⅛ yards of 39-inch material. The sash of ribbon will require 2¼ yards.

A CHARMING MODEL FOR THE GROWING GIRL (7575). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3¼ yards of 32-inch material. To finish with narrow bias folds or binding will require 4¼ yards 1½ inches wide.

AN ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7564). Designed in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure, with corresponding waist and hip measure. Size 48 will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material will require ⅝ yard of 35-inch material.

A SERVICEABLE COMBINATION (7571). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material, 1¼ yards of lace edging for the brassiere and 2¼ yards for the lower edge of the petticoat.

A DAINTY LITTLE FROCK AND PANTIES (7581). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 2 if made as in the large view will require 2½ yards of 32-inch material. With sleeves, 2¾ yards will be required.

LADIES' SKIRT (7587). This is excellent in the new woolens, in diagonal suiting and in crepe satin. Linen and pique are also suggested. The skirt is a wrap-around model, the right front lapped over the left and fastened at the short, oblique edge. The skirt may be finished in high or normal waistline. Designed in 6 sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches waist measure. Size 34 requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material.

LADIES' BLOUSE (7586). Cotton materials are especially good for this pleasing model. It is also nice for sheer silks, for lace and cotton or linen mesh materials. Deep yoke portions, cut with short sleeve extensions, are lengthened by waist portions in which both crosswise and lengthwise tucks are featured. The crosswise tucks give a pleasing belt effect. Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2 yards of 35-inch material.

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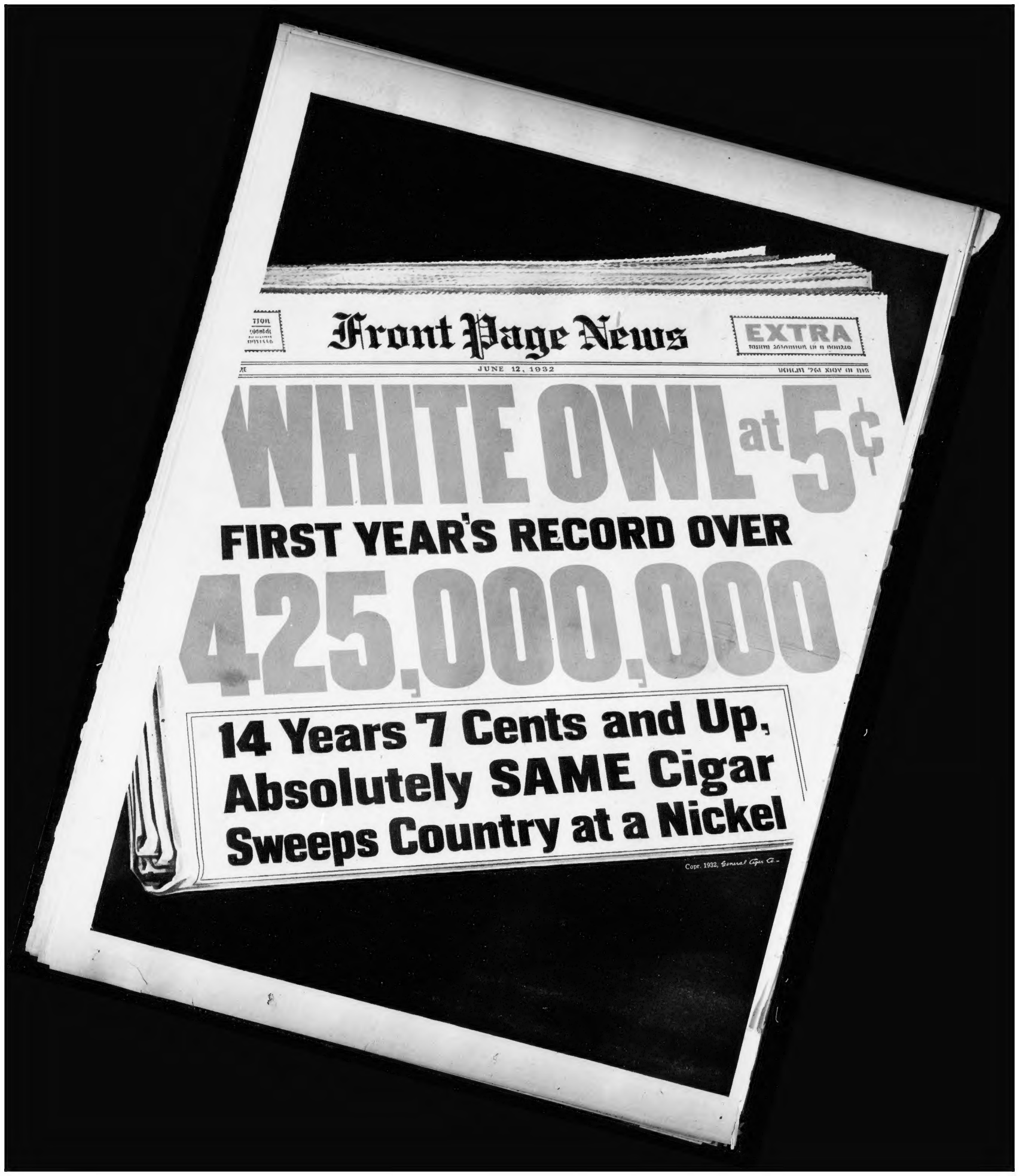
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